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January 25, 1984

I always knew Ronnie Reagan was an asshole, but I never realized in my wildest dreams that he was such a dumb asshole. Dumb enough, that is, to appoint Ed Meese as his next Attorney General, with me in possession of the Ed Meese sex tapes. That's right, folks, I have the Vicki Morgan sex tapes, and Ed Meese is on them.

I have written every member of the United States Senate, demanding that I be called before the Senate to produce the materials and photographs—"outtakes from the video" of Meese's bizarre sexual behavior. I am not exposing this hypocrite because of his sexual preference, which should be his own personal business. I am exposing him because he's directly responsible for the murder of my friend, Vicki Morgan, and I adamantly refuse to let sleeping whores lie.

Ed Meese's indiscretion and carelessness regarding his personal sex life resulted in his being forced to finger Vicki for the mob. As far as I am concerned, that makes him as guilty as if he had pulled the trigger himself, and I feel that any "decent members" of the Senate or House of Representatives will feel the same way.

If the Senate refuses to call me to testify at Meese's confirmation hearings, I will have my supporters screen the Vicki Morgan sex tapes on the steps of the Senate. In addition, I will transfer them to *Hustler* video cassettes and distribute them to every video store in America; plus, I will offer them as a mail-order item in *Hustler* Magazine. I also intend to publish still-photo outtakes in the 10th Anniversary issue of *Hustler*, "July '84."

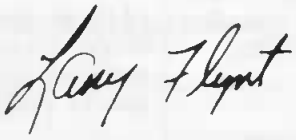
To those of you who question the authenticity of these photographs, I assure you that they are as real as those of Pat Boone and Congressman Larry MacDonald, which were published recently in *Hustler*. Mr. Dave Berthiaume, a leading photo-forensic expert and 11-year veteran of the Los Angeles Police Department, had these photos forensically examined and certified authentic.

It looks to me as if the right-wingers in this country are beginning to feel what's become known as the wrath of Flynt. Oh, yes, Vicki, my dear! The whores from the Fourth Estate—"the media"—who did not believe you and sent you to your grave, stripped of your honor and dignity, now kneel at my feet to get your story. Laurel Ericksen from NBC can piss behind the shrubbery in front of my house till the cows come home, and then she'll get what the little boy shot at—"nothing." I say this because that is exactly what she did to get the DeLorean audiotape story, which is fake, by the way.

One wonders if the Reaganites had Ronnie pick Meese in order to compromise me and Marvin Pancoast, the man accused of killing Vicki Morgan. Compromise is a CIA term for assassination. My attorney, Arthur Barens, thinks so; but don't worry, Marvin, it's not over, and it will be a cold day in hell before it is. Unlike Gary Gilmore, you will live to see the Marvin Pancoast story on the silver screen because I intend to write, produce, direct and star in it with some help from Bill Osco and Donald Freed.

To all Americans who value a free press, I assure you that there is on the horizon the dawning of a new day in America, and we shall for posterity's sake call it a moment of truth.

From my cell in solitary confinement,
Federal Penitentiary, Springfield, Missouri



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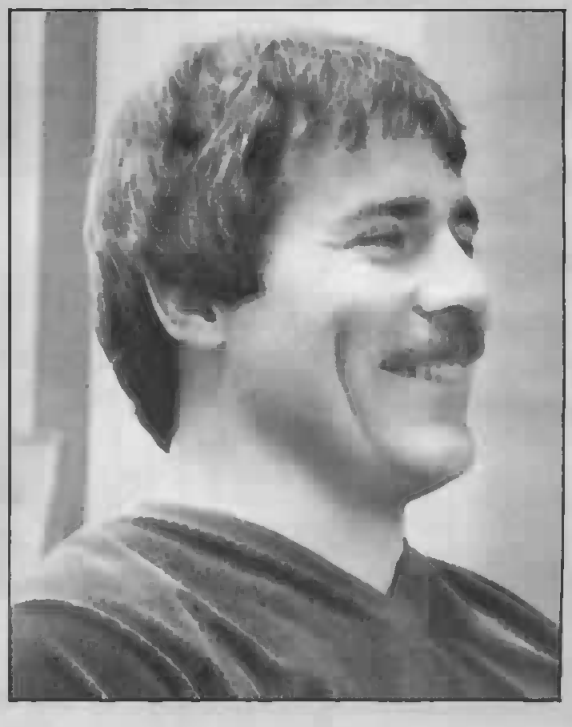

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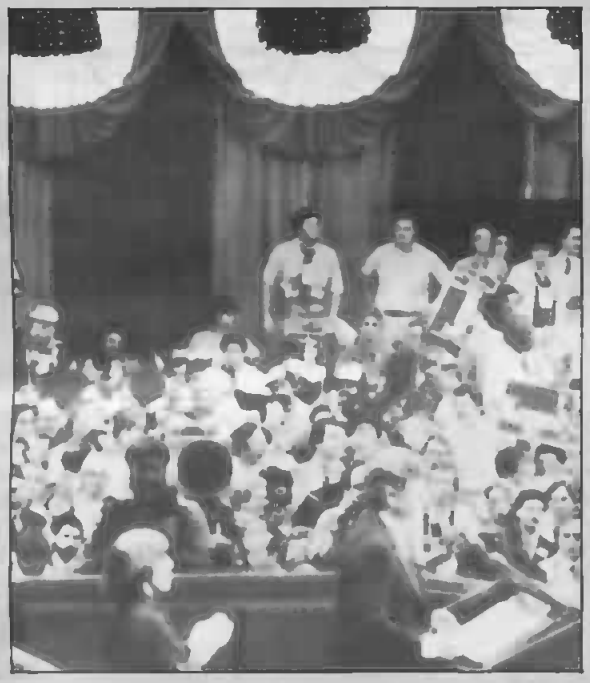

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Film

The Dresser

Starring Albert Finney, Tom Courtenay, Edward Fox, Eileen Atkins
Directed by Peter Yates
Columbia Pictures

Britain's Peter Yates directed *Bullitt*, the classic American no frills car-chase movie. Then he started getting subtle. His version of George Higgins' *The Friends of Eddie Coyle*, with Robert Mitchum in the title role, has a bank robbery, but it's so underplayed that the only thing you remember from it is the pouches under Mitchum's eyes. Yates' *Breaking Away* was about bicycle racing in America, but not really.

Now Yates gives us *The Dresser*, a film as subtle and as British as any ever made. No robberies, car chases, guns . . . Well, there is one chase, sort of. Albert Finney is late for a train. In a commanding, resonant bellow he howls, "Stop that train!" And the train stops.

The man behind the voice? He's referred to as "Sir." He's the leading man, well past his prime, of a broken-down troupe of Shakespearean actors in England during World War II. As Sir, Finney growls, snorts, hisses, wheezes, growls, whispers—does everything, in short, but speak like a human being. He's playing a man who's at least 50 percent over the top, and his portrayal of that man is equally inflated. Had *The Dresser* been filmed in Smellorama, you could sniff the ham.

Someone, needless to say, has to care for Sir: Get him out of bed, cater to his thousands of daily whims, keep him out of trouble, remember his lines, prompt him, dress him, shove him on stage. That person is Norman, Sir's dresser—played by Tom Courtenay as a whimpering, effeminate wreck, secretly nipping from a pint of brandy, catering so selflessly to Sir's every need that we can only wonder what's in it for him.

The Dresser's script—by Ronald Harwood, adapted from his own play—is best on the blind narcissism of theatrical types in general and of Sir in particular. Faced with a lukewarm audience, Finney opines *sotto voce*, "Now I know how Mr. Churchill will feel when he faces Mr. Stalin." In one of the outdoor scenes designed to "open up" the play, Finney comes across an elderly man desolately watching his house go up in flames. As the man's blank eyes mirror the loss of everything he ever owned, Finney decides to be magnanimous—he gives the poor fellow a ticket to that night's performance of *King Lear*. "I trust," says Finney, with no sense at all of incongruity, "you will find comfort there."

Similarly, the air raids are viewed by him as inconvenient, as a fiendish plot by the Germans to distract his attention from acting. "Hitler has made it very difficult for Shakespearean companies," he intones. The bombs may be falling, but the real problem is that Sir is about to deliver his 227th performance of *Lear*, and can't recall the first line.

The key lights, he reminds another actor, "are for me. You must find what light you can." What little charity he has is reserved for critics. "Hate them? How can I hate the crippled, the mentally deficient and the deaf?" Meanwhile, Tom Courtenay listens, and soothes, and strokes, and ministers, protecting Finney from all the tensions of the war, the world and other people.

One is supposed, in the end, to love Sir in spite of his bombast, to love his Dresser in spite of his smallness. But as is often the case in films which, like this one, belong to the Tradition of Quality, "in spite of" is more nearly read "because of." Which is to say, *The Dresser* glorifies the very shortcomings it allegedly takes apart. If you love life, you'll love its reflection in the Theater; if you love the Theater, you'll love Sir; and if you love Sir, how can you not love his dresser? Like most of the pretentious, portentous stuff presented to us as culture, *The Dresser* finds humanity even in the littlest of us. It would be interesting, for once, to see instead a subtle British drama which found inhumanity even in the largest of us.

"In time," wheezes Sir as Lear, "we shall express our darker purpose." *The Dresser* never does. Instead of that promised darkness, we merely receive the obligatory bittersweet ending, which enables us to walk out feeling good about ourselves as humans. So what else is new?

This being said, let me concede that Yates' direction is authoritative, the period detail and backstage atmosphere brilliantly rendered, and the supporting parts—especially those of Edward Fox as an embittered fag baiter and Eileen Atkins as Madge, the ever-dependable stage manager—superb. But what one remembers finally, wearily, is all the overplayed understatements. It recalls a line delivered by Sig Rumon, playing the vilest of Nazis in Lubitsch's *To Be or Not To Be*. Speaking of Josef Tura, the self-styled world's greatest Polish Shakespearean actor, Ruman says, "What we're doing to Poland, he's doing to Shakespeare."

—Howard Rodman

Seeing Red: The Stories of American Communists

A documentary film by James Klein and Julia Reichart
New Day Films

Seeing Red is a new documentary that tells the stories of 15 people who were once members of the Communist Party-U.S.A. Short on hard information and historical facts, the filmmakers have opted for the creation of a mood that they hope will help others understand why close to a million people became Party members between 1920 and 1960. While the interviews are often witty and the characters often appealing, *Seeing Red* is not meant to be a history of the American Communist Party; such a film would have been forced to show too many smoking guns and festering wounds. *Seeing Red* is more like a waltz through the Katyn forest without shovels. You feel the topsoil giving way under foot, but since there's nothing to dig with, you decide to enjoy the dance and forget whatever it is that's down there sucking at your heels.

From its very opening, *Seeing Red* dismisses outside criticism of C.P. by showing old anti-Communist propanganda clips featuring Ronald Reagan, Herbert Philbrick and J. Edgar Hoover. One humorous bit later in the film has a cocky young Richard Nixon at the height of his popularity confiding some advice on how to treat Communists. "In fact, I've even heard some people say, 'After all, they're a bunch of rats, why don't we go out and

Folksinger Pete Seeger in 1940

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When the enemies of free information tell the media not to get the news, most sources are only too happy to comply. Despite their protests, conventional news reporters were only too happy not to get the true story in Grenada. Most media are happy to depend on spoon-fed news: handouts from government agencies that threaten freedom here and abroad; handouts from arms manufacturers seeking funding for your death warrant; handouts from industrialists using your neighborhood as a dumping zone.

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Larry Flynt

Editor and Publisher

Subscription coupon on page 79

Film

shoot them?' Well, I agree that the Communists are rats. But on the other hand, remember this: When you go out to shoot rats, you've got to shoot straight."

Nowhere is there any hint that the careers of such right-wing clowns depended for their success on the Communist Party and its distinctly un-American style of organization. Without a Communist Party, Nixon, Reagan and Philbrick might still be unknown faces today.

Seeing Red is an attempt by what remains of the '60s generation of radicals to pay homage to their elders. The film is a magical mystery tour through a hallowed shrine where many of the elders still worship, but where the filmmakers—as representatives of a more egalitarian generation—are not totally comfortable, although they do their share of bowing and scraping before the idols. In one scene Julia Reichart asks Oscar Hunter, a Spanish Civil War vet and Chicago organizer, whether he wasn't afraid to join the Party because it had such a reputation for consisting of people who skulk around in trenchcoats. You can't get much closer to saying, "Gee, wasn't it scary to be such a hero?" Though this is an extreme example, the level of ego massage being perpetrated by the filmmakers throughout the film is at a steadily appalling level.

Most of the characters in *Seeing Red* are strong, articulate, dynamic representatives of their generations. They include stars like folk singers Pete Seeger and Cotton Club entertainer Howard "Stretch" Johnson, who currently teaches sociology at a New York state university. There is the gregarious Bill Bailey, a Spanish Civil War vet and San Francisco maritime union organizer, and Dorothy Healey, whose mother was a charter member of the C.P.-U.S.A., and who for 25 years was the head of the Southern California district of the Party. All seem to believe that they were on the cutting edge of social change through the '30s and '40s.

Only a few of the people in the film appear genuinely concerned over the Soviet-puppet aspect of their long-lived loyalties. The Hitler-Stalin pact of 1939 is glossed over in one sentence by a narrator who explains that it cost the Party some members. More attention is paid to the 1956 Khrushchev revelation that Stalin purged two-thirds of the Party's Soviet membership during the 1930s. Dorothy Healey, Howard Johnson and several of the others admit to the devastating impact of Khrushchev's speech on American Communists; Howard Johnson was driven to drink and resigned his membership.

Throughout *Seeing Red*, the filmmakers address their ideas and the remarks of their subjects to the anti-Communist propaganda image of Communists, as if that negative propaganda was the main target that had to be demolished by film's end. Their purpose is to show that American Communists are ordinary people, just like the milkman, the doctor and the lawyer down the street. They themselves seem mesmerized by the propaganda they have set out to debunk, and likewise seem stunned by their discovery that they are indeed just ordinary people. But this is a deceptive posture, because of course we know that the filmmakers don't believe these are just plain ordinary people. Julia Reichart states as much in an interview she gave about the film: "Here were people who chose to be outlaws in our society. What did that mean to them? How did their lives change because of that choice? . . . Look, we all do things we're terribly proud of and we all make horrible blunders. Communists did this also—although perhaps they lived their lives on a larger scale than most of us."

Seeing Red *is an attempt by '60s generation radicals to pay homage to their elders*

And of course the characters in the film don't really believe that they're ordinary people. Each of them admits the extent to which he or she was shaped by the Party. It was an elite organization, and selective, as several of them describe. It was a jealous parent requiring total obedience and loyalty, punishing those who strayed by expelling them. For over two decades,the Communist Party was one of the most exclusive clubs in the United States, and it was this exclusivity and elitism that really rankled the lower class likes of McCarthy, Nixon and their cronies. Too many Communists were sophisticated, educated members of the upper classes. Redneck fundamentalists could never hope to join such a refined club.

Despite the destructive effect of Khrushchev's 1956 speech (it cost the American Communist Party 80 percent of its members within two years), few of those interviewed have regrets about their lives in the Party. Dorothy Healey looks back with an "enormous amount of pride." Rose Kryzak, who now works as a senior citizens organizer in New York, admits that all the political activity "makes her feel like something." And poor Bill Bailey, in the film's saddest moments, tries to keep alive that eternal flame of Utopistic hope which has sustained all ideologies and parties throughout the ages: "You've got to have a better system somewhere along the line . . . right?"

The ideological posture of the American Communists remains unquestioned. The premise that they were the leading element in the struggle for social justice during the '30s and '40s is accepted. Their flaws are tactical rather than ideological. But the fact that their lives were injected with meaning because of their Party membership is not sufficient justification for the fact that these people *voluntarily* subjected themselves with unquestioning loyalty to every whim and command of one of the century's bloodiest monsters—Josef Stalin. By downplaying this aspect of the Communist Party and by insisting that it was somehow just an honest mistake by well-meaning people who after all are just plain ordinary Americans, is not only dishonest filmmaking on the part of the directors, but it is outrageously perverse. It resembles the kind of tap-dancing done around the dirtiest deeds of the Vietnam war by people like Westmoreland. To put *Seeing Red* in perspective, imagine a neo-Nazi filmmaker doing a series of interviews with ex-members of the S.S. who reminisce fondly about those torch-lit rallies in the hills overlooking the Rhine back in 1935. **—George Csicery**

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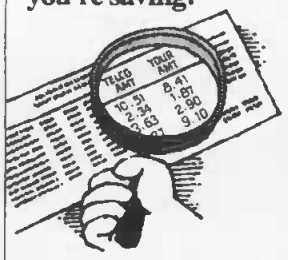

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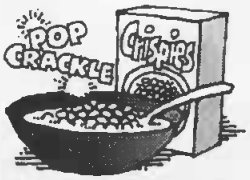

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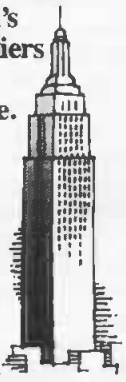

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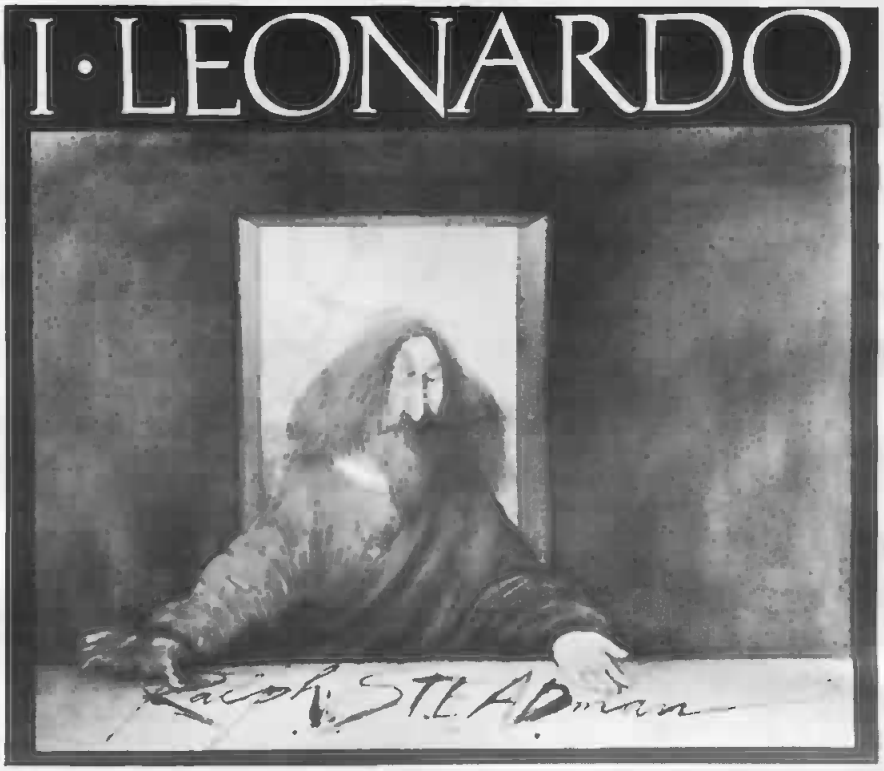
Books

I, Leonardo

By Ralph Steadman
Summit Books, $25.00 (illus.)



Steep yourself in the study of an eccentric creative genius isolated from his contemporaries by their incomprehension of his work, and one day—particularly if you're on the eccentric side yourself—that genius may fly in on the wings of imagination to advise, cajole or even to collaborate with you in person. That is what happened to Romantic visionary William Blake, who claimed that his forebear, the long-dead cosmogonic, anti-establishment poet John Milton, entered Blake's left foot and inspired his rebellious prophecy called, appropriately, "Milton."

Now, scarcely to be outdone, that perpetually curious, possibly most brilliant character of all time, Leonardo da Vinci, has arrived out of the ferment of the Italian Renaissance to perch in the art and personality of Ralph Steadman, a British artist long obsessed with Leonardo's incandescent mind. Steadman—whose previous works include illustrations for Lewis Carroll's barbed fantasy, *Alice in Wonderland*, and Hunter Thompson's *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*, as well as his own witty studies both of dogs and of Sigmund Freud—had gone to Italy to stand where Leonardo had stood, to try to see as Leonardo had seen. He drew Leonardo's inventions, and then the probable scenes of their invention.

And one day, according to the flyleaf of this strange, disturbing, yet also exuberantly comic book of drawings and commentary, Leonardo—like Milton and Blake, a wildly imaginative creature of immense solitude in his own lifetime—appeared to Steadman in person, to help him along. The result is a disconcerting literary partnership in which the edges of each man's contribution blur. The text consists of Leonardo's comments, drawn from the nearly 5,000 pages of the Notebooks he left—but sounding, on occasion, ever-so-altered by Steadman. The drawings are Steadman's, though sections of some have appeared before—in Leonardo's Notebooks. Even those that are purely Steadman's—as in the series of sketches called "What did Leonardo look like?"—look like Leonardo's. Throughout the book, Steadman apes the master's style. At the end, trying to sort the two men out is like trying to enumerate the contents of the Mona Lisa's elusive mind.

I, Leonardo provokes restive questions of personality in another way as well. Wherever and whenever they arise, geniuses threaten the status quo; they probe the darkness most people push aside; they refuse to let well enough alone. To quiet our qualms about their disruptive presence, we like them to oblige us by looking noble, or at least nice; at their best, they're like Einstein in his most frequently reproduced photograph, appearing like a faintly ethereal, absent-minded, amiable teddy bear.

But the Leonardo who stalks the pages of this book is, for the most part, grotesquely or comically ugly. His hair flies like electrified wires. He has a huge, angular nose. His eyes seem those of a man haunted, obsessive, mad. He's clearly they type who'd be scrutinizing you as you writhed on your deathbed, eager for the post mortem.

In the drawings of Leonardo as a child, he resembles a befuddled bumpkin with legs like those of a court jester, as if he's confused by the rambunctious inventiveness of his own mind. As an adolescent, he stands blithely oblivious before his revolted father (himself drawn to resemble a reptile), presenting the monstrous artwork he's created on a shield. Leonardo, awakened from sleep by his cleverly designed, if masochistic, alarm clock, looks every bit like a long-nosed rat.

He gets no more prepossessing as he grows older. On one page he's a nutty, determined beatnik Christ, one leg comically in the air, trying to walk on water. On another, he's depicted as a horror-movie scientist, glaring with his own fiercely bulging eyes at eyes he'd had boiled in the white of an egg, the better to study their construction. Denouncing the superstitious "official scholars" of the court, he looks like a furious prophet, waving his spindly fingers in the air. In a poignant illustration, he's the terrified, skinny artist, cowering before a canvas that is shown as absolutely blank.

Like *I, Leonardo*, the Notebooks are filled with often violent sketches of bestial human creatures. Leonardo was an uncompassionate misanthrope, loathing the filth, ignorance, poverty and sexuality of his fellow man. "There are men who deserve to be called nothing else than passages for food, augmenters of filth, and fillers of privies," said the engineer who designed an elaborate sewage system for an imagined city of hygienic aristocrats. As for the wretched others, they are "the dark landscape of humanity" whom he will remember only to feed his "growing contempt for mankind."

Yet Leonardo was also the noblest Italian of them all; the Notebooks spill over with awesome analyses, descriptions and inventions spanning and challenging all fields of human knowledge; he was like a man, said Freud, "who awoke too early in the darkness, while the others were all still asleep." Could an artist himself lacking spiritual grandeur ever paint the magnificent calm inwardness of Christ, with his foreknowledge of betrayal, in "The Last Supper"?

Amidst all the grotesque and comic images of this book, that eloquently questing side of Leonardo is nearly left behind. What a piece of work was this man! In apprehension, how like a god! Yet here he is engulfed by Leonardo, quintessence of swirling dust. One twist alone saves him.

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Leonardo longed to rise above the human mess—to fly with his body, not only with his mind. In his fifties, he climbed Swan Mountain in Fiesole with dreams of launching himself on his flying apparatus into the radiant springtime air. What actually happened in Fiesole is unknown; but after this incident, he never wrote of his "great bird" as a palpable reality again.

Steadman redeems his book—and his Leonardo—with a glorious change in the story. The inventor awakes on Swan Mountain at dawn, as if still in his dream-world. Beyond him, on a cliff, arms outstretched and bearing the great wings, is his cryptic companion Zoroastro, soaring before Leonardo's eyes into the void, disappearing behind the mountain's edge. Surely Leonardo deserved this triumph; thanks to the imagination of Ralph Steadman, this most beloved of his inventions *worked*. —***Myra Glazer***

The Death of Che Guevara

By Jay Cantor
Knopf, $17.95

To go from the morning headlines to this devastatingly powerful first novel by Jay Cantor is like passing through a glass darkly and finding yourself in a misshapen world. The newspapers tell us that the Reagan Administration, according to presidential spokesman Larry Speakes, "would be inclined" to reject as "counter-productive" any recommendation that future military aid to El Salvador be linked to an improvement in that already blood-soaked country's human-rights record. Apparently, we're told, the Salvadoran government has already been "largely successful" in cracking down on right-wing death squads. What El Salvador truly needs, says a "senior Defense Department official," is about $400 million worth of warplanes, assault helicopters and training facilities. Then the Salvadoran government would be "in a very good position to get the insurgency under control." "*You can never defeat an insurgency,*" blathered this Pentagon person who for good reason demanded anonymity, "*but you can bring it under control.*"

Welcome to Doublethink, 1984. It's no wonder that *The Death of Che Guevara* ends with a howl of pain and the words: "It all must be done over!" History repeats itself as anguished farce, like our latest image of a renovated Che singing "Don't Cry for Me, Argentina," with Evita Peron on the Broadway stage.

The Death of Che Guevara tells the other side of the story, the inner story of the insurgencies no amount of American military dollars can defeat. The North Americans, Che writes to his father, "are our enemies . . . now and forever, yours and mine. They destroyed the Guatemalan Revolution as if they were crumpling the page of someone's story. They condemned the Indians to death, death from parasites, death from cold, death from hunger, all for a few more gold coins." (And to ward off the Soviet threat, to secure our own national security, a Pentagon spokesman might have said.)

The novel is divided into two parts. Part One, called "Criticism, Self-Criticism," opens in 1965, with Guevara, stripped of his official post in the Cuban government after a political disagreement with Fidel Castro, living in exile on the Isle of Pines. Guevara is reviewing his life, mythologizing it where he feels it appropriate, and sharing his diary with Ponco, "his comrade, bodyguard, keeper," friend.

The section jumps back and forth in geography and time. Now in exile, then in Argentina, his childhood, haunted memories of asthmatic attacks, of choking in pain on air. The writing is always vivid, compelling. Che describes being attacked in a rugby game by the other players: "During the scrimmage I am unable to fight back; to push anyone is impossible. I fall to the wet ground, gasping, and am too weak to lift my arms, to cover my head and protect myself. The other players swarm about my body, their legs darken the air . . . their blows come hard, rapid, they pummel me, until I learn: They do this because they hate me! . . . I can't move my chest to breathe, I'm stifling, shaking with hatred and rage and pain and fear . . ."

Memories of such helplessness form part of the personal basis for Guevara's search for justice. For years, he holds fast to the pacifism of Gandhi; he wanders through South America, hoping to find a leader capable of uniting the continent's people. But when he witnesses the Yanqui quashing the Guatemalan Revolution, Cantor shows him becoming convinced that a violent struggle is the only way. He joins Castro in the Sierras—the man he once dismissed as a thug.

Part One—compelling, thought-provoking and intensely written—ends with Che's receiving Castro's approval to launch a guerrilla movement in Bolivia. Part Two begins three years later, with Ponco's return to the Isle of Pines to reconstruct the story of the Bolivian campaign.

This section, even stronger than the first, is dominated by searing descriptions of human suffering. The suffering of the Bolivian Indians, at the mercy of landlords, their government, hunger, superstition, poverty and disease. Cantor brings the peasants unforgetably to life: the suffering of the guerrillas as they wended and macheted their way through the jungle, led by an unbending Che; fruitless searching for new recruits while fighting the Bolivian army.

"We straggled from one little settlement to another," writes Ponco, "several days' march between each, from nowhere to nowhere . . . We would never build a base among the peasantry. We would never get enough to eat . . ."

"Che stepped forward . . .he was a short skinny man, with a brown beard, and sorrowful eyes. A man almost without the spark of life in him; a revolutionary; a doomed man; a dead man; a specter's specter. His cheeks were hollow, his torn green pants held up by a piece of vine, his feet covered in rags caked with dirt and blood." He was captured and executed by the Bolivian Army with U.S. help, in July 1967. Cantor quotes the revolutionary theoretician, Regis Debray, at his own court-martial in Bolivia: "It is not individuals who are placed face to face in these battles, but class interest and ideas; but those who fall in them, those who die, are persons, are men. We cannot avoid this contradiction, escape from this pain." Reading *The Death of Che Guevara*, the intimate life of this revolutionary and the insurgencies all over the South American continent, and then turning to today's newspapers, you too cannot escape the pain. It's even difficult to bring it "under control." —***Myra Glazer***

The Long War: Dictatorship and Revolution in El Salvador

By James Dunkerly
Schocken Books, U.S. and Canada

El Salvador is once again front-page news. The combination of a string of guerrilla victories, the January publication of the Kissinger report on Central America and pending administration requests for massive infusions of U.S. military aid have combined to refocus American attention on developments in that country. But current news coverage as well as much of the dialogue on El Salvador has been focused on what is often portrayed as a conflict between two approaches in the United

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Books

States, two approaches that may well be debated as the Presidential campaign heats up.

The first of these is what could be called the Carter approach. Its premise is that the government in El Salvador is centrist in character, threatened by violent opponents from both political extremes. U.S. policy, according to this theory, should aim to strengthen this democratic center by focusing on such measures as land reform and curbing human-rights abuses in an effort to win the support of a country's population away from the left while at the same time helping the moderates to effectively deal with the rights. The second approach is that favored by the Reagan Administration, especially in its less guarded moments. A revitalization of the most hardline arguments of the Cold War, this argument contends that the problem faced by the U.S. in Central America is nothing less than the latest offensive by the Soviet Union and its allies. The entire conflict is placed in an East-West context with shrill warnings that now is the time to draw the line. While at times lip service is given to the need for internal reforms, the real issue for proponents of this argument is the Soviet-Cuban-Nicaraguan threat.

James Dunkerly, in his short but well written and researched *The Long War*, convincingly makes the case that both arguments are wrong. By tracing Salvadoran history from the last century up to and including the March 1982 elections, he's able to provide a compelling argument for two related conclusions. First, that the war in El Salvador not only resulted from internal repressions but is being waged by many who only reluctantly took up arms when their attempts to bring change through nonviolent methods were met with violence at every turn. And second, that the regime they are fighting to overthrow is neither centrist or reform-minded but instead a right-wing dictatorship that ranks among the world's most brutal.

While *The Long War* does accomplish well what it sets out to do, there are a number of specifics that it accomplishes *exceedingly* well. The discussion of the much-publicized "land reform" program in El Salvador provides evidence of both the limited scope of the project and the widespread deaths that resulted when it was implemented. The land reform itself was poorly designed, failing to take peculiarities of Salvadoran agriculture into account by attempting to repeat a pattern used in Vietnam. More importantly, the country's key coffee-producing areas were left untouched. In addition, a provision allowing for the confiscations of estates to be reversed created a vast new potential for corruption in an already corrupt system. Army officers could order land taken away and then re-sell it back to its original owners.

The book is more than just a chronicle of current killings and corruption, however; it traces the political history of both the government and the opposition up to the present time. In scholarly but highly readable fashion, Dunkerly describes the pressures on the military government that led to the "reformist" coup of October 1979. From there he takes us through a succession of changes that serve to illustrate how any reformist factions that may have resided among those officers who seized power were quickly swept aside and how, after a series of maneuvers, those who had been in control before the coup were able to quickly remount and once again take up the reins of power. The history and origins of the death squads is also explained so that instead of being perceived as a bizarre quirk of Salvadoran politics, they are shown to be a key element of the oligarchy's method of retaining control.

The history of the opposition is also described in detail. Dunkerly starts with the first peasant rebellions and builds up to the uprising of 1932 and its brutal repression by the forces whose heirs now enjoy millions in military aid from Washington. One of the best parts of the book is a chapter titled "The Rise of the Left" which explains the origins of each of the five groups that now make up the Faradumdo Marti Front for National Liberation (FMLM), the guerrilla group that's fighting the war. The long and difficult attempt by the opposition to bring about change by organizing for elections, and later through strikes and demonstrations, is also chronicled, as is the history of the Democratic Revolutionary Front (FDR) which forms the political wing of the opposition.

Dunkerly's book is not without fault. Tables provided to explain economic developments are hard to read and often do not say what units are being used to measure the various quantities. The proliferation of acronyms for the numerous political groups that populate the Salvadoran arena are various points also gets confusing for the reader who can't tell the PCS (Communist Party) from the PDC (Christian Democrats) from the PCN (National Conciliation Party) without a program.

There are many who will be disturbed by Dunkerly's conclusions, especially among those who hope that a democratic victory will bring an end to the killing in El Salvador. Dunkerly makes no attempt to hide his leftist politics, but at the same time does not hide *behind* them. Anyone concerned with developments in Central America owes it to himself to hear him out.

—***Tony Cavin***

"It says here, Ron Reagan wants to shovel more American tax dollars our way because American intelligence can't prove we have 'Death Squads'. . . Heh, heh, their intelligence here ain't no better than it was in Grenada!"

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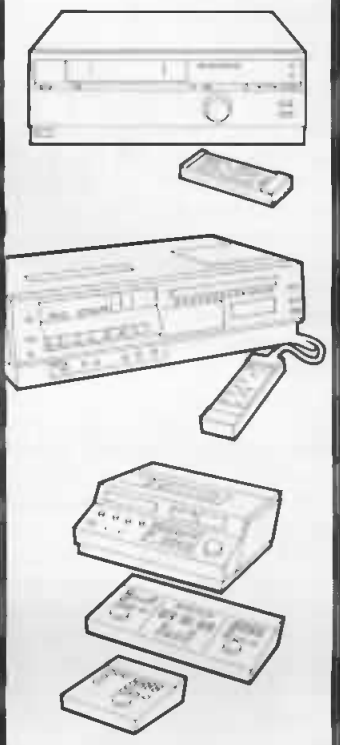

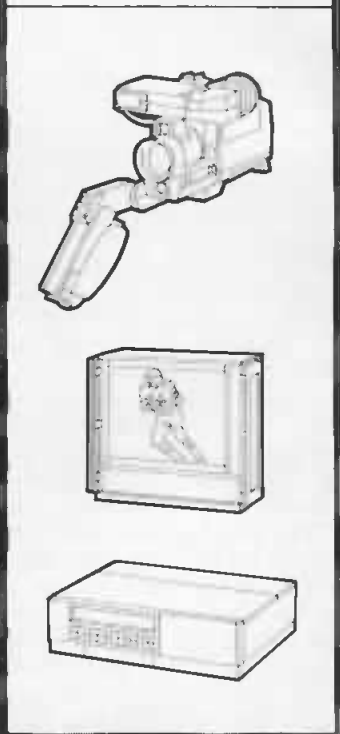

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Television

Good Morning, Mr. Orwell

a one-hour special created by Nam June Paik
Jan. 1, 1983
PBS

If ever there was a black day for the avant-garde, it was Sunday, Jan. 1, 1984, at noon, when a band of "in" outsiders, led by video artist Nam June Paik, contributed their time and energy (let's not discuss talent) to an extravaganza known as *Good Morning, Mr. Orwell*. On paper, it sounded pretty good: an hour on PBS, featuring everybody from look-Ma-I-made-it-to-the-big-time Warner Bros. recording artist Laurie Anderson to composer Karlheinz Stockhausen, live and in person, from New York, San Francisco and Paris. There were high-flown words about "positive and interactive uses of video," and a general feeling that here was the perfect collision of high and low art. But I don't think anybody bothered to explain to Nam June and his merry band that there's a difference between video and television.

But it wasn't all a disaster. *Good Morning, Mr. Orwell* started, encouragingly, with a spare, elegant song/video sequence featuring Laurie Anderson and art-rocker Peter Gabriel, once with the group Genesis, singing "This is the Picture." A stylish and reasonably avant beginning, even with simple-minded visuals that tended, if Gabriel was singing "Standing By the Window Watching the Snow Fall," to show him standing by a window watching the snow fall. But no complaints, really; in retrospect, this stands out as the only segment that seemed fully conceived, rehearsed and realized.

But then we have—George Plimpton! What the hell is he doing here? Is this a commercial for video games? No, he's here as a sort of jovial, preppie Big Bro, trailing overtones of the *Paris Review* in the '50s. It's all in the reactionary spirit of *telling* us what we're going to see, *showing* it to us, and then *telling* us what it was that we saw. George tells us that *Good Morning, Mr. Orwell* is a "transatlantic variety show" that Nam June Paik calls "a global disco." Paik has apparently forgotten that somebody once told him disco sucks.

And, like a bad joke, after we segue to Paris as George tells us that "it's where real men *do* eat quiche" (who *wrote* that line?), we lose the sound, and then the visuals, for what seems like eons. And with this sequence comes the first hint that things are not *quite* as advertised: Is it live or is it Memorex? Sappho, a dated Parisian New Wave group fronted by a tired Nina Hagen lookalike, plays to a pre-recorded track, just like on Dick Clark's American Bandstand back in the '50s and '60s. (So do the other bands, Oingo Boingo and the Thompson Twins, later in the program.)

The nadir is reached with the next segment, a comedy sketch eerily reminiscent of *Saturday Night Live*, circa Jean Doumanian (pre-Eddie Murphy, post-everybody else). We're watching "Calvalcade of Intellectuals," starring (in place of regular panelists Susan Sontag and Michel Foucault, ha ha) Mitchell Kriegman and Leslie Fuller. And the joke is that they *think* they've lost their audio or something, but *really* we can still hear them (unlike other moments on the *real* show!), and we get to see these silly intellectuals blackmail each other by threatening to drink MSG unless *she* says she loves *him*, and this gains nothing in the description, believe me.

We cut to John Cage, Paik and someone else at a table, diddling around with leaves and microphones, creating small noises. Sudenly there's an unidentified shot of what appears to be three men under pianos; then it's Cage again, with Plimpton murmuring, "It's been said that listening to John Cage's music is like chewing sand." Thanks, George. But he does identify those mysterious men as part of a performance by Joseph Beuys, "who likes to sculpt in felt and animal fat, neither of which he's using now."

Back to Laurie Anderson, looking somehow older, more harshly-made-up (but then I guess we've *all* aged a lot in the last half-hour), doing her patented voice-tricks (speaking into a microphone through a harmonizer, which alters voice pitch so she can sound just-like-a-*man*!). Charm is followed by more charm, with a tap-dancing Yves Montand singing his Gallic heart out on "Les Grands Boulevards," backed up by a video frieze of walking people reminiscent of Busby Berkeley's "Forgotten Man" number.

On and on and on it goes, interspersing a teasing glimpse of what sounded like some great sax music performed by space-suited bopsters, with snippets of break-dancing and graffiti-writing and yodeling, until we get more dinosaurs of the avant-garde, who perhaps deserve the title derriere-garde by now. They're no longer epatering the bourgeois, just boring it; no longer enfants, just terribles. We get Merce Cunningham dancing in front of Salvador Dali, and Allen Ginsberg, still taking that act out on the road, singing "The first thing you do when you meditate is to keep your spine and your back straight" while Peter Orlovsky sits behind him—with his back straight.

But the most agonizing embarassment is yet to come. Former topless cellist Charlotte Moorman (mercifully, she's dressed this time, in some sort of taffeta ballgown, for God's sake) is sawing away at a cello constructed by Paik out of three TVs and reciting to George Plimpton a breathless list of Paik's achievements ("A TV *Buddha*, a TV *garden*, a TV *chair*, a TV *pyramid*, a TV *bra*. . .")

One of the participants, John Sanborn (billed as a video consultant) was later heard to say that "everything that could go wrong in a televison show, did go wrong . . . they're trying to get a message out there that's not très, très avant, but still it's out there." In the words of the immortal Mitchell Kriegman way back in the "Intellectuals" sketch, "I don't care, I don't care about this show, I don't care about the avant-garde." Much tripe is going to be perpetrated in the next 12 months in the name of George Orwell; in this instance, the only Orwellian connection that I can see is that *Good Morning, Mr. Orwell* managed to expand the Two Minutes' Hate of George's 1948 classic to about 45.

—Meredith Brody

The Phillippines: To Sing Our Own Song

A one-hour documentary about life in the Phillippines under the Marcos regime
PBS

Last summer's incredibly brazen airport rub-out of moderate Filipino opposition leader Bengno Aquino brought tens of thousands of protesters into the streets of Manila and other cities. President Reagan found it prudent to cancel a visit to the former American colony. A brilliant new PBS documentary on the Phillippines starts with the Aquino murder and poses an intriguing question: "What is behind this unrest, and what do these events suggest about the future of a land and people so closely tied to the United States?" Unlike many documentaries that ask large questions, this one actually delivers the goods.

Most of the credit must go to the BBC, which two years ago produced a film intensely critical of the government of President Ferdinand Marcos. PBS has repackaged this film, adding several minutes to the beginning and at the end. By its showing, public television splendidly fulfills the special independent role that its supporters point to when they fight for its contin-

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Television

ued existence. *To Sing Our Own Song* depicts life and society in the Phillippines today through the eyes of one man, Phillippine attorney Jose Diokno. Like the murdered Aquino, Diokno is also a political moderate and a former member of the Phillippine senate who opposed the policies of Marcos. For one inured to the inanities generally uttered by American mainstream politicians, his incisive intelligence and command of his complex subject is a revelation.

Diokno explains that he wants to tell us about his island nation of 50 million people (more than half of them under 20 years of age), a country blessed by great potential natural wealth yet cursed by grinding poverty. In that way, he says, he can also describe "other Third World countries, because our problems are very much alike." At the same time, the documentary retains a distinctly Filipino flavor. Thus, an early scene shows women on a picket line dancing to Christmas songs with banners bearing strike slogans draped across their bodies like sarongs.

Though 90 percent of Filipinos are Catholic, Diokno doesn't hesitate to analyze and criticize his nation's religious attitudes. While the camera focuses on a stream of devout believers standing in line to kiss the feet of a statue of Christ, Diokno comments: "Centuries of repression and oppression have stifled our creativity and many of us have developed a great dependency on the supernatural. We believe our own efforts cannot be enough. We seek God's help because we have been made to believe that we can't help ourselves. And religion in the past contributed to our sense of powerlessness. The church is changing now, but much of the sense of powerlessness remains."

The economy of the Phillippines exhibits the by now all-too-well-known distortions that can be observed in other Third World nations manipulated by American and other multinational corporations: Westernized consumer glitter for the few and unemployment, low wages, and malnutrition for the many. The only national possession that is freely shared by all Filipinos is the huge debt to Western banks. Modern luxury hotels, office buildings, restaurants and convention centers co-exist with fetid slums whose inhabitants sleep in unused sections of sewer pipes.

For those business people with ties to the Marcos dynasty, life is pig heaven. The film shows affluent buyers inspecting imported watches costing about $250,000 each. "Obscene," remarks narrator Diokno. Not surprisingly, this ostentatious

AP/WIDE WORLD

Philippine President Marcos

elite secures itself in mansions constructed behind heavily guarded walls.

The cause of these gross economic imbalances is described by Diokno. "The method of development egged on by world financial institutions concentrates on simply making the economy grow and is not concerned with what is being produced or how it is being distributed. So you have a situation where a lot of our resources and skills are being used to supply the needs of foreign markets and the wants of the elite."

A telling ceremony pictured in the documentary shows the First Lady Imelda Marcos distributing largesse (new houses) while a carefully coached chorus of grateful children sing her praise before the everpresent television cameras. The fronts of the new houses are freshly painted for the occasion, but our own camera peeks and we see that the side walls are an unfinished shambles and the houses probably uninhabitable.

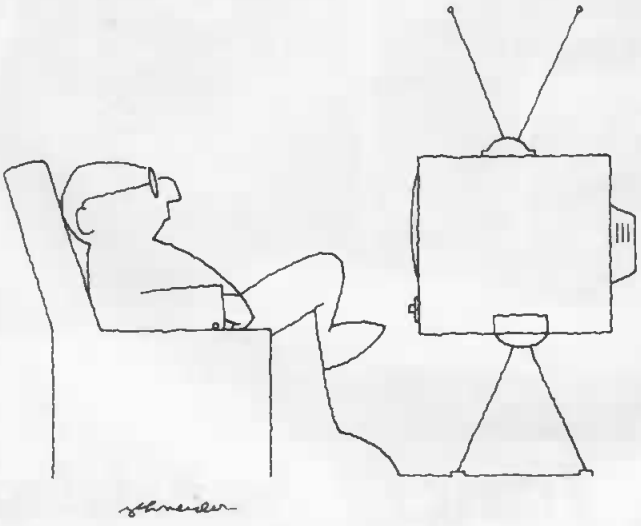
But even public relations has its limits. What really keeps the lid on, as Diokno points out, is an older and less sophisticated method: naked force. In 1972 when Marcos declared martial law, he arrested his political opponents—including Diokno, who was detained for two years without trial or charge. The army was then 60,000 strong, but it has now grown to 300,000 and has vast new powers. Anyone who protests is labeled a "subversive," and soldiers move in and imprison, torture or kill them. Peaceful demonstrations have been fired on by troops. Worse yet, paramilitary units led by regular army officers act as death squads against restless workers and farmers.

In scenes reminiscent of Guatemala or El Salvador, an 8-year-old girl describes how soldiers slaughtered her mother and younger brother, and a young boy tells how he watched troops decapitate his father and then play with the head. How well does this terror work? "I will avenge my father," the boy says simply. "Even a small chick can grow up into a fighting cock."

Meanwhile, protest has gone underground. The film shows hidden presses printing news censored by establishment papers. Radical forces have allied in a new people's army. A leader of the movement speaks of a protracted war to free themselves from U.S. imperialism. Both unemployment and repressions, we are told, are on the increase.

Diokno longs for a solution based on reason and law, but he has begun to despair of the possibility. This documentary suggests that the future of the Phillippines will be a tragic one, marked by polarization and perhaps even revolutionary violence.

—Walter Schneir



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Rebel Roundup

GUATEMALA'S ARMY has signaled a policy reversal by announcing that it will join maneuvers with the U.S. Army in Honduras. Col. Edgar Djampa Dominguez, chief spokesman for the Guatemalan army, said that the participation of troops from El Salvador, Honduras and Guatemala could help promote Central American unity. Guatemala had refused to join in eight months of maneuvers, claiming that it needs no help in military training. Since the U.S. has revived CONDECA, the joint armies of the three Central American military governments, Guatemala has changed its mind. (*Los Angeles Times*)

U.S. INFLUENCE will formally and openly replace Britain's role in the Caribbean islands as patron of former British colonies. Britain has not formerly consented. A major factor in this equation is the larger amounts of U.S aid which Washington's collaborators now expect to receive. The invasion of Grenada "is going to mean more aid to us," said Dominican Prime Minister Eugenia Charles, who played a starring role in the episode. "I think America must recognize that we will require it," he added. Clearly implicit is the message to Washington: Dominica,

AP WIDE WORLD

Cuban prisoners under guard in Grenada

Barbados, Jamaica and other islands which participated in the invasion are patiently awaiting their reward. (*N.Y. Guardian*)

NICARAGUA CHARGED that United States Navy ships are now used to launch counter-revolutionary attacks on Nicaragua. "The continued presence of North American warships in waters under the ju-

RON RIDENOUR

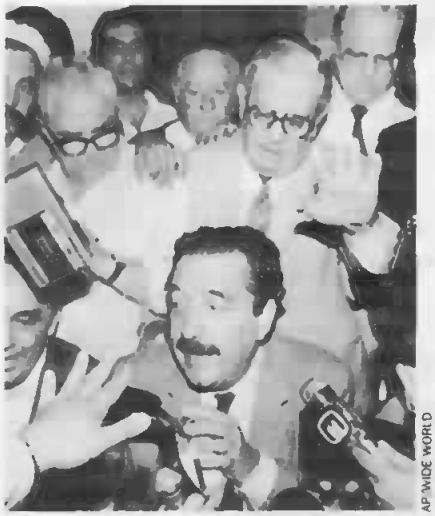
Sandinista soldier scans Honduran border

risdiction of Nicaragua makes us presume the high-speed boats . . . come from the North American ships," said acting Foreign Minister Victor Hugo Tinoco in an official protest to the U.S. State Department. U.S.-made Pirana speedboats and an unidentified aircraft fired at a sugar mill near Puerto Potosi, 36 miles south of Managua (January 6). The same day, a helicopter and another aircraft attacked the port at Masachapa. (Since then, more such attacks have occurred, according to Nicaraguan sources.) (*Los Angeles Times*)

PEOPLE TO PEOPLE, a newly formed U.S.-Nicaragua project, announced that it is sending a shipment of 25 wheelchairs and parts, school supplies, medicine, athletic equipment and 10 hospital beds to the citizens of Nicaragua, according to spokesman Ralph Goldstein. This is the first effort of the group, which includes representatives of several Los Angeles-area churches and community organizations. People to People plans to raise funds for non-military relief supplies. The Rev. Phillip Zwerling, senior minister at the First Unitarian Church of Los Angeles, who will spend the next six months in Nicaragua as a school administrator, will coordinate the charitable relief effort. (*Los Angeles Times*)

FORMER TERRORIST BOMBER Hector Cornillot Llano is asking anti-Castro Cubans to contribute money for the purpose of setting up a Cuban exile camp on the border between Costa Rica and Nicaragua. Cornillot's idea is to have the Cubans despense medicine, books and supplies to the Nicaraguan contras presently fighting the Sandinista government. Cornillot, who claims to be a born-again Christian, expressed strong sympathy for his alleged fellow terrorist Eduardo Arocena (see *Rebel News*) who was just indicted for masterminding a wave of bombings in Miami and New York. According to the FBI, Arocena—for whom Cornillot helped raise some $150,000 in defense funds—is the leader of the underground terrorist cell called Omega 7 which is dedicated to the overthrow of Fidel Castro by means of dynamite and assassination. Cornillot himself has 11 years in prison for his part in a series of bombings in the Miami area in 1968. "We have the opportunity to turn our combativeness to something productive," Cornillot said regarding his plan for the Cuban exile camp. Once the camp is set up, Cornillot hopes to convince authorities to parole Arocena there. But, he fears, " . . . they're going to conspire against him and violate all his rights . . . they're going to lie . . . and send him to prison." Arocena is being held without bail at the federal prison in Otisville, New York while he awaits trial. (*Fort Lauderdale News*; *Washington Post*)

ARGENTINE NAVY officer Raul Vilarino admitted participating in kidnapping 20 political people and witnessed their torture in the 1970s. Vilarino, since retired,



AP WIDE WORLD

New Argentine President, Raul Alfonsin

told the magazine *La Semana* that detainees were suffocated in water, given electric shocks and that some were thrown alive out of aircraft into the River Plate. The interview appeared as Emilio Massera, former Argentine navy commander, was arraigned by a military court on torture and mass-murder charges. He is the last of nine former junta members to be arraigned under orders of the new pres-

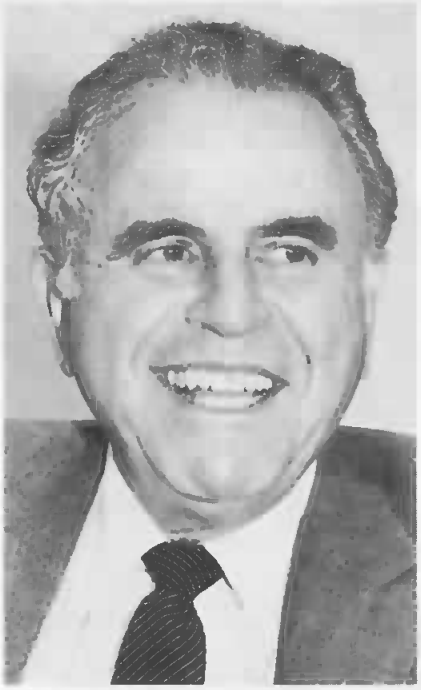
ident Raul Alfonsin. In light of the recent elections, the United States government is lifting a previously imposed arms embargo. (*Los Angeles Times*)

ANTI-TAX SENTIMENT. THE New Year weekend was headlined: "Poll Finds Most People Rejecting Higher Taxes." The Gallup poll found 60 percent of Americans aware that the U.S. government is operating at a loss. And a whopping 70 percent said spending cuts are the way to reduce the deficit. Raise taxes? A piddling 16 percent favor that option. A combination of spending cuts and tax increases? That gets 9 percent support. Only 5 percent have no opinion at all.

We suggest you keep this astonishing public anti-tax sentiment in mind as we now endure daily stories out of Washington over the Reagan Administration's anguished attempts to accommodate the pro-tax sentiment in Congress. The city's politicians, political appointees and reporters all go around telling each other how badly the deficit demands new taxes, and ultimately the whole town bends its efforts to getting those new taxes. Public opinion can be safely ignored, except, we suspect, if you are someone who has to ask the public to elect you president. (*Wall Street Journal*)

A PILOT who survived five days of subzero temperatures after his plane crashed in New Mexico has been linked to a drug-smuggling network headed by Canadian mob figures. A small amount of cocaine and about $19,000 in cash was found in the wrecked plane of Tony Mink of Fort Lauderdale, who, along with his wife and son, was en route from Pueblo, Colorado to Salt Lake City. Law enforcement agents in Florida claim that Mink was under investigation for his alleged ties to the Canadian smuggling ring. One of the reported kingpins of the operation is William Obront, sometimes referred to as the "Meyer Lansky of Canada." Obront, a Montreal native now living in south Florida, is currently facing federal charges for his alleged role in a $40 million Canada-to-Florida Quaalude ring. (*Fort Lauderdale News; Miami Herald*)

USIA DIRECTOR Charles Z. Wick is now the focus of at least four separate probes that touch the legally and ethically complex issues of surreptitious taping of telephone conversations. United States Information Agency Director Wick has reluctantly acknowledged that he secretly tape-recorded some phone conversations, and consequently became the subject of investigations by the State of Florida, the General Services Administration, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, and the



AP/WIDE WORLD

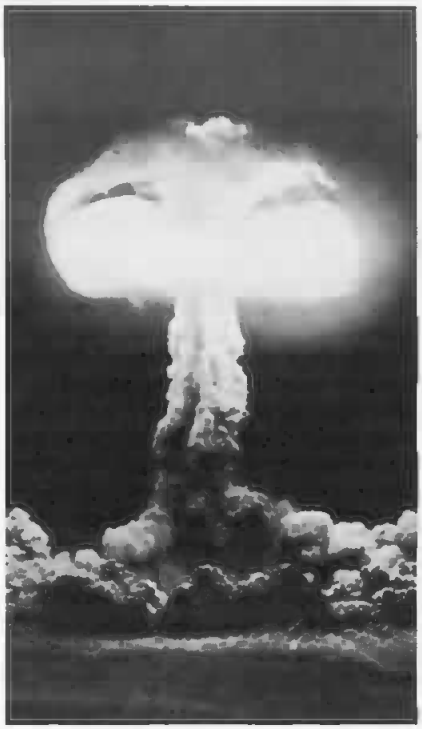
Wick illegally tapes phone calls

House Foreign Affairs Committee. Some officials in Congress expect pressure will increase for the attorney director's removal. Wick may be in violation of state laws, even though no federal law forbids surreptitious taping over phones. Ronald Reagan expresses confidence in Wick and sees no conflict of interest involved in the director of government media's (*Voice of America*) actions. (*Los Angeles Daily Journal*)

FIVE WORKERS were exposed to radiation at the San Onofre nuclear power plant on New Year's Day when a small amount of radioactive gas was accidentally released into the atmosphere from Reactor Unit 3, officials disclosed. The five personnel members were isolated for 30 minutes before returning to work. The company and Nuclear Regulatory Commission officials said that they did not consider the release to be serious. Plant operators were draining water from a low-pressure ventilation line when the gas was inadvertently released within one of the plant's auxiliary buildings for about five minutes, said David Barron, spokesman for Southern California Edison, the plant's operator and majority owner. (*Los Angeles Times*)

FACED WITH four years of college tuition, dormitory bills and other expenses, an increasing number of parents are giving new meaning to the term "off-campus living." They are buying houses, condominiums or apartment buildings and providing their children with a tax-sheltered alternative to dormitory living. In college towns like Cambridge, Mass., this type of student housing is gaining popularity. "It is probably about 20 percent of sales in Cambridge," says Sandra Hudson of Cambridge Condominium, Inc., which specializes in selling condominiums. Buyers have all the advantages of regular home ownership and can depreciate the property over 15 years, and deduct all their expenses. (*Wall Street Journal*)

BRISTOL MOUNTAINS stood between officials of the California Department of Highways and a significant savings of several million dollars in the construction of an interstate roadway through the Mojave Desert. If only the rugged hills were not there, officials believed in 1963, they could cut 15 miles off the projected $21.7 million highway. They knew enough to know the mountains could not be moved, so they considered making them disappear—with atomic bombs. Officials of the U.S. Department of Energy and California Department of Transportation now admit that federal and state governments studied the use of atomic bombs to vaporize a path through the mountains, by using 22 nuclear devices with a combined



COURTESY TOM SAFFER

A-bomb clears terrain for road building?

destructive power of 1.73 million tons of TNT, or 133 times that of one of the nuclear bombs dropped on Japanese people in 1945. Although the planning went on for 20 years, bombing the Bristol Mountains was finally shelved because the explosions would violate the 1963 Test Ban Treaty forbidding testing of nuclear bombs above ground. (*Los Angeles Times, Riverside Press-Enterprise*)

Rebel News

Fidel Castro at the United Nations

Omega Seven Terrorists Indicted

Omega Seven, the anti-Castro terrorist group, witnessed the simultaneous indictment of its reputed leader by grand juries in New York and Florida on charges of attempted murder and involvement in several Manhattan and Miami bombings. Double indictments charging Eduardo Arocena with various acts of terrorism were reported by grand juries on Dec. 28, 1983.

The New York indictment came after Federal Bureau of Investigation agents testified that Eduardo Arocena allegedly confessed to being "Omar," leader of Omega Seven—a group of Cuban exiles attempting to overthrow President Fidel Castro. That group has claimed credit for machine-gun murders and 30 bombings in New York and Florida.

Rudolph Guiliani, federal attorney for New York's southern district, said Arocena is accused of conspiracy to murder and attempted murder, in the 1980 aborted car bombing of Cuba's United Nations Ambassador, Raul Roa. The bill of indictment charged that Arocena spied on the ambassador for six months before attempting to kill him, but that the attempt failed when the bomb he allegedly planted fell from the bottom of the car, and rolled away. If found guilty, he faces a maximum term of life in prison.

He is also implicated in the December 1978 bombing at New York's Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, where a Cuban dance company was appearing, and at the Cuban Mission to the United Nations, where a passerby was killed.

Eduardo Arocena left Cuba, a few years after Fidel Castro came to power in 1959, as a stow-away on a cargo ship bound for Miami. He migrated north to New Jersey, where he worked for several years as a longshoreman before returning to Miami in 1980 to start an import-export business.

In Florida, Arocena was charged with participating in 11 bombings, or attempted bombings in 1981 and '82. the Miami charges include explosions at the Mexican, Nicaraguan and Venezuelan Consulates. Those bombs caused no deaths, but did extensive damage.

Arocena was arrested on July 22, 1983, in the "little Havana" section of Miami. Since that time he has been held at the Otisville prison, in upstate New York.

—B.D.

Sex Merchants Gearing Up for the Olympics

Hundreds of young women around the world are preparing themselves for the upcoming Olympic Games in Los Angeles. These women aren't athletes. They are prostitutes and they're coming to Los Angeles to win gold medals for servicing hundreds of lonely fans who will be looking for a good time. Hundreds of thousands of people pouring into California during August: most are coming to see the games, some are coming to enjoy a city-wide party that will rival Carnival in Rio or the Oktoberfest in Munich.

"Porno movie producers have the word out. They are casting for actresses who look like foreign athletes," a Los Angeles Vice Squad detective says. "We're going to be seeing an awful lot of magazines and dirty movies with Olympic themes."

Los Angeles has a reputation as the Sin City, a town where swinging singles and liberated couples can find almost every kind of thrill available. The city is moderately tolerant of the massage parlors, adult movie theatres and bookstands that can be found anywhere. A variety of "adult" newspapers can be bought on the street and advertise anything from girls who "deliver" to ladies who will take your credit card to talk dirty over the phone.

The Summer Olympics is expected to be a bonanza for the sex merchants. Responsibility for policing the streets of the city is shared by the L.A. Sherriff's Department and the Los Angeles Police Department. Both organizations are preoccupied by the threat of political disruption during the games. Both will be overwhelmed by the physical job of moving the fans over one of America's biggest urban sprawls.

The LAPD Vice Squad will monitor the operations of the sex entrepreneurs during the games, yet morals enforcement is not a high priority.

"We're not planning anything special for the Olympics," the Vice Squad officer relates. "We're just going to do our job the way we normally do it. If someone breaks the law, they can expect to get arrested."

Los Angeles maintains a laissez faire attitude about vice. But when it gets out of hand, the LAPD gets efficient. Two summers ago, a prostitution problem developed along the glitzy part of Sunset Boule

vard known as the Sunset Strip. Dozens of prostitutes worked the Strip, openly flagging down motorists in front of the legendary Schwabs Drug Store. Pimps lounged near Hollywood High School.

Local residents demanded a crackdown. The LAPD responded, stepping up patrols, checking the I.D.s of the girls, busting prostitutes and their clients, until the ladies moved elsewhere.

With the enormous crowds during the Olympics, however, the prostitutes are counting that the LAPD will be too busy to care about them.

"The regular girls are going to be ready, you better believe. Lots of ladies coming out of retirement. Hookers'll be coming in from all over the place, Europe too," a Hollywood prostitute laughs. "And you can count on finding plenty of amateurs on the streets in August. The Games aren't just going to be in the stadiums."

The message isn't lost on foreign promoters. Sex tours of the Olympics are being advertised in Japan. The Hot Sheet motels on Sunset Boulevard are advertising in Europe for those who want to be "where the action is."

"All these big companies have commercials bragging that they're official sponsors of the Olympic games," the Hollywood prostitute says. "Why shouldn't we get a piece of the action."

The LAPD has bigger things to worry about than the pay for love entrepreneurs.

"Much of our enforcement efforts are going to be concentrated on illicit gambling activities. Already we're getting card sharks and con men moving in to take advantage of the action," the Vice Squad officer says. "Las Vegas is billing itself as a convenient lodging location for the games. They'll have a legal line out on most of the major events."

"Ripoffs are the biggest problem facing a tourist looking for sex," a veteran Hollywood patrol officer says, "after herpes."

Ripoffs are the hidden downside to the supposedly "victimless" crime of prostitution. A hooker solicits a tourist and takes him to a motel. While he is in the bathroom, she leaves with his wallet and clothes.

A businessman visits a "massage palor" for what is advertised as a $25 "lunchtime special." When he is ready to leave, two burly "collectors" present him with a $200 bill. The victims will rarely report the ripoffs for fear of the bad publicity.

"We know all the parlors, know the people who run them. We know who the burn artists are," the patrolman says. "But we're going to get a lot of out of town opeators who don't care who they burn. They'll make their scores and then leave town."

Storefronts along the seedy Hollywood streets that specialize in adult entertainment are renting for astronomical prices for the summer. Without benefit of proper licenses, they will open up, reap a windfall profit, then close.

"Hollyweird is a kinky place during any time of the year," the patrolman says. "During the Olympics it's going to be a zoo."

When it is suggested that the city send out guides for staying out of trouble in the Combat Zones, no one in official places is responsive to the idea.

"Look at Munich. Did they send out warnings when they hosted the Olympics?" a Hollywood store keeper asks. "The Olympics is going to be showcase for the city. Why should we scare the fans for the sake of a few who shouldn't have any business doing that anywhere?"

—E.A.

Solar advocate Fred S. Dubin

Dr. Joseph Rotblat

Irradiated Workers

Critics of the nuclear power industry have pointed out how the capital-intensive nature of atomic energy production creates fewer jobs for Americans than, say, a solar industry.

Dubin-Bloome Associates, a New York energy consulting firm, has gone as far as to state that "two billion dollars invested in energy conservation and solar power provides four times as many jobs as if it were invested in nuclear reactors." Even the United States Office of Technology Assessment has stated: "If all conventional power were replaced with solar units, labor requirements would be multiplied by a factor from 2 to 5."

Now, it turns out, there are strong arguments from within the nuclear industry that make a persuasive case for a new *labor*-intensive nuclear power industry. But you will probably not be hearing much about it.

The controversy began in September 1978, when Dr. Joseph Rotblat wrote complainingly in the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* that "new knowledge indicates that the carcinogenic action of radiation is much greater than we thought earlier. Last year, however, the body which makes recommendations on the levels of radiation exposure for workers and the general population did not find it necessary to reduce the maximum permissible dose (or dose limit as it is now called) of five rems per year for these radiation workers." Rotblat called for an exposure reduction to one rem for atomic workers. Simultaneously Alice Stewart and George Kneale, two British researchers who assisted Dr. Thomas Mancuso on the study of cancer rates among workers at the Hanford, Washington nuclear reservation, called for a ten-fold reduction to .5 rem.

The nuclear industry did not take these suggestions calmly. In a telling but little-known article in *Nucleonics Week* early in 1979, industry commentators wrote as follows:

> "The ten-fold reduction in exposure limits advocated by the National Resources Defense Council, among others, could be counterproductive. . . . The ten-fold reduction also would be prohibitively costly. . . . The total cost, depending on new reactor starts, would be between $23 billion

and $53 billion between 1979 and the turn of the century."

These conclusions, *Nucleonics Week* explained, were all based on statements by the Nuclear Regulatory Commission. The crux of the industry's concern—the "prohibitive expense"—boiled down to workers' wages. If the industry could no longer expose its current workforce to the higher radiation levels, the journal computed, it would be necessary to hire over 3,500 extra personnel for every nuclear power plant.

The Atomic Industrial Forum has placed "the total potential cost to the industry" at $507 million a year.

The Nuclear Regulatory Commission confirms that changes in the dose limits allowed under Part 20 of the Code of Federal Regulations "are in the mill" but, for the time being, annual yearly exposure maximums remain set at five rem. If the standards are tightened to benefit the atomic workers, the unemployed would also benefit . . . by the immediate creation of a quarter-million new job openings.

—G.S.

Utah Court Overturns Sexual Squeal Law

In a lawsuit brought by the American Civil Liberties Union's Reproductive Freedom Project, Planned Parenthood, two doctors and a minor male challenged a law requiring prior parental notification before any kind of birth control device could be dispensed in Utah, whether it be through a private doctor, a family planning clinic, or bought over the counter from a pharmacist. Federal Court Judge David Winder overruled the Utah law.

Plaintiffs argued that implementing the law would expose sexually active minors to the health risks of early pregnancy and venereal disease. The argument that those risks can be avoided if minors abstain from sexual activity is without merit because "It would be plainly unreasonable to assume that the state has prescribed pregnancy and the birth of an unwanted child as punishment for fornication . . ."

The Utah law was overturned on two grounds: the law conflicted with federal statutes providing family planning information and services to minors, and it was an unconstitutional violation of minors' right to privacy.

This is the first court that has ruled on the constitutional question and decided minors have a right to receive contraceptive information and service without parental involvement. There's been no word yet on whether the state will appeal.

The U.S. Court of Appeals, in Washington, D.C. last July, struck down the Reagan Administration's proposed "squeal rule" requiring proof of prior parental consent before federally funded family planning clinics would be allowed to prescribe the pill, the diaphragm or the intrauterine device for minors.

Family planning advocacy groups have been able to beat back right-wing funded groups and individuals attempting to infringe on the privacy of minors in this area. And, while defeat of the administration's "squeal rule" is important, Nan Hunter, an attorney with the ACLU's Reproductive Freedom Project, said, "defeat of the Utah law is more important." She explained, "This is because the Utah state law would have applied to all teenagers who got any kind of contraceptive from any source whatsoever." Hunter added, "The fact that we defeated this law in Utah means that other state legislatures will think a long time before they attempt to pass a similar law." —B.D.

Pfizer's New Arthritis Drug is Toxic

"How do we know that this is safe?" a Los Angeles arthritis sufferer, remembering the horrors of Oraflex, asked her doctor, James R. Klineberg, about the drug Feldene he had just prescribed for her.

Manufactured by Pfizer Pharmaceutical Co., a firm that has come under scrutiny by the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) for false claims, Feldene is the rival alternative to Oraflex. Oraflex is the drug that manufacturer Eli Lilly touted as miraculous until it was revealed that it had killed some 60 people, forcing Lilly late last year to suspend all further sales pending an investigation.

Feldene has quickly captured much of the Oraflex market. Approved by the FDA about two years ago, Feldene has already been prescribed to more than one million U.S. patients and more than 10 million arthritis sufferers worldwide. Sales in 1983 reached nearly $150 million, double 1982 sales.

Meanwhile, public health advocates say Feldene is not safe and is not effective, and the FDA itself has questioned the safety of the drug.

Nevertheless, Pfizer contends that the drug's use in 70 countries is confirmation of Feldene's safety and effectiveness. The same was said of Oraflex.

Dr. Sidney Wolfe, director of the Ralph Nader-sponsored Health Research Group, says Feldene follows Oraflex as the most dangerous of the anti-arthritic treatments. His group is preparing "a major new study on Feldene" to be made public soon.

The FDA's *Summary of Basis of Approval of Feldene,* just released under the Freedom of Information Act, notes "in regard to the general prevalence of adverse drug reactions (ADRs), about one-third of all patients studied experienced a clinical or laboratory ADR," adding "gastrointestinal ADRs occurred in approximately one-fifth of the patients."

According to the *Medical Letter,* Feldene "can cause serious gastrointestinal toxicity." In addition, the *Letter* states, "Henoch-Schoenlein purpura and fatal aplastic anemia have also occurred in patients taking piroxicam." Feldene's generic name.

The *Letter* also reports, "When piroxicam was introduced in European countries frequent major gastrointestinal hemorrhages were noted. In Ireland, for example, one center reported eight major hemorrhages due to the new agent during a year in which only 14 ulcers were reported with all other non-steroidal, anti-inflammatory agents combined. All the ulcers in patients taking piroxicam occurred in persons 65 years or older."

Six hemorrhages occurred during the initial months of therapy, six of which required transfusion with more than four units of blood. Two patients died. In England, one institution had five patients seen over a period of nine weeks with severe blood loss after taking recommended doses of Feldene. One eventually died.

In a clinical study using 20 and 30 mg tablets, three of 19 patients (16 percent) developed ulcers. In another long-term study of 45 patients with rheumatoid arthritis given dosages of 20 to 40 mgs per day for up to 946 days, 29 percent developed ulcers.

Although single daily doses of 20 mg or more results in adverse physical ailments, the FDA's *Summary* nevertheless reports that Pfizer "recommends that Feldene therapy be initiated and maintained at a single daily dose of 20 mg."

Pfizer itself admits that "about 30 percent of all patients receiving daily doses of 20 mg of Feldene experience side effects," of which gastrointestinal problems are the most prevalent.

Dr. Wolfe says drugs like Feldene that "show no therapeutic advantage over what's already available, and which have a high incidence of side effects, just shouldn't ever be approved. There's no need to take the chance."

In 1980, the FDA rejected Pfizer's 1978 application for approval of Feldene. Ever since, said FDA Commissioner Arthur Hayes Jr., the drug has "clearly presented problems." Pfizer requested a reassessment, but the results weren't encouraging, the FDA reported. Nevertheless, despite considerable debate among FDA staffers, and efficacy data "scantier than we are accustomed to seeing," the FDA last year approved Feldene for sale in the U.S.

—A.K.

Activists Bring Acid Rain to Democratic Candidates

Environmentalists have succeeded in placing acid rain pollution in the presidential election campaign, solidifying the Friends of the Earth's national prestige. Kicking off Democratic Party campaigning in New Hampshire last month, candidates flocked to the Friends of the Earth's pollution conference, following resolutions adopted by 200 of New Hampshire's 220 towns calling for a 50 percent reduction in the amount of sulfur dioxide emitted into the atmosphere.

The Democrats fell into line, vigorously endorsing the 50 percent reduction measure. All but John Glenn, that is, whose Ohio produces a good deal of the noxious, S02-laden smog that is responsible for the acid rain. Sen. Glenn, obviously uncomfortable, declared that not enough is known about the causes and affects of acid rain. More study is needed. This approximates the unofficial position of the Reagan Administration.

Jesse Jackson, fresh from his startling coup in Syria, swept into the acid rain conference, accompanied by a considerable entourage of staff and serious-faced Secret Service agents. (Jackson was the only candidate accompanied by Secret Service that weekend, having had many threats against his life since he announced his candidacy.)

The all-white crowd was buzzing, wondering if the Rev. Jackson could tell acid rain from a dry martini. Mr. Jackson, with his preacher's intonation and volume, revealed a surprising grasp not only of acid rain but also of environmental issues in general. He argued, as all his opponents save Alan Cranston failed to do, that the long-term solution to acid rain and many other problems would rest heavily on conservation.

Jackson lit up the crowd by observing that if the Russians had seeded our clouds with acid-rain-producing agents we would call it chemical warfare and respond in kind. His speech was derived mainly from consultation with his chief adviser on these matters, Barry Commoner. Virtually everyone was pleasantly astonished at Jackson's speech, and an Environmentalists-for-Jackson committee quickly set up shop in a room in the hotel to hustle recruits.

Gary Hart spoke with a grasp of the issues. He has been working hard on matters involving air pollution since he went to the Senate from Denver in 1974. He knows the subject inside-out, and in fact is running a two-issue campaign: his environmentalism and his youth. He was warmly received, interrupted constantly by applause.

John Glenn has been having a rough time over the acid rain matter in New England, and he took this occasion to announce his own plan, which he said he would drop into the Senate hopper soon. It calls for a somewhat smaller reduction in S02 emissions than the other bills, and it would take special care to help the coal miners who would lose their jobs as the demand for coal declined. Sen. Glenn sounded flat, though, interrupted by applause only once, and he had the least friendly questioning at the end of the speech. Nevertheless, as experts pointed out later, Glenn's recognition of acid rain as a serious problem, and his promise to do something about it, was a reversal, and an encouraging development in the congressional effort for acid rain legislation.

AP WIDE WORLD

The Reverend Jesse Jackson

Ernest Hollings, the South Carolinian senator who reminds listeners of Lyndon Johnson, chastised Hart for saying that he would provide the leadership to pass acid-rain legislation. "Don't you believe him," said Hollings, "one person can stop a piece of legislation, no one can pass one."

Ever the pragmatist, Hollings refused to be pinned down on the shape of final acid rain law. He has introduced a bill to set up a trust fund for acid rain control. A delegate from New England then asked the senator if it wasn't unfair to force one place (New England), with electricity bills already very high, to help to pay for clean-up in another place (the Midwest), with much lower electricity rates. "I didn't say it was unfair," replied Mr. Hollings, "but it's probably the only bill we'll be able to pass."

George McGovern and Reuben Askew were detained elsewhere, but Fritz Mondale and Alan Cranston addressed the full-house conference.

The former Vice-President read his speech. He even read his answer to a question from the floor, whether planted or simply anticipated it was not possible to know. (It was an invitation to shoot back at Glenn, which Mr. Mondale did, armed with voting records and some fairly acid words.) Nevertheless, Mondale was exceedingly well-received as he outlined a policy that an environmentalist would have trouble finding any fault with. He got a big laugh with this: "I have a two-part policy. First, I will fire everybody they hired. Second, I will hire everybody they fired."

Alan Cranston strode in looking gaunt. He got swiftly to the point, saying that the only real solution to the problem not only of acid rain but also of carbon dioxide and many other things was phasing out the old coal-burning plants altogether and embarking on an aggressive scheme of conservation, efficiency improvements, and renewables, "the soft path," as he called it by name. Cranston understands environmental problems well, and the crowd was appreciative. Owing to his almost single-minded peace campaigning he has many admirers but, it seemed on that day at least, fewer active supporters.

The first national conference on acid rain affects has raised greater concern about emissions of sulfur dioxide and nitrogen oxides from power plants, smelters and cars, pollutants that severely damaging lakes, streams, and forests. New research indicates that it is probably damaging crops and the soil itself, and that the damage affects the entire country, if not the whole world.

There are two principal methods suggested for dealing with the S02 portion of the problem—which accounts for about two-thirds of the acid load: remove the sulfur after the coal is burned or don't burn it in the first place. At the conference, most attention was given to removal, which involves using scrubbers and new kinds of burners. This works, but it is expensive, and it opens up whole new fields for argument. First, how should the money be raised (the general fund? a tax on electricity?) and how should the burden be apportioned?

The road to any law will be a long and tedious one. Add to this the fact that the Reagan Administration has no acid-rain policy whatever—apart from suggesting that further study is necessary—and there is a legislative donnybrook in the making. As of the first of the year there were nearly a dozen bills awaiting hearings and action in the House and the Senate, and things are sure to change rapidly once the process begins. If you'd like to join the fray, write to the National Clean Air Coalition, 530 Seventh Street SE, Washington, DC 20003. —**T.T.**

Karen Silkwood—murdered because she knew too much

The Real Enemies of Karen Silkwood

Silkwood attorneys were trying to expose a deadly network of CIA-supported illegal spying on antinuclear activists. Then the government stepped in.

By Anthony Kimery

The movie *Silkwood* has left millions of viewers with the inescapable impression that Karen Silkwood was murdered for having learned too much.

But what moviegoers are not seeing are the deaths and near-deaths of other antinuclear activists, and the attacks and threats toward persons involved in the investigations of Silkwood's murder—investigations that had begun to expose a frightening and deadly domestic spying apparatus sanctioned from the topmost level of government, and funded by the CIA.

Every attempt to get the government to release the intelligence files has been replied to by the Justice Department with claims of "national security" and "state secrets." The FBI even tried to get a permanent gag order against Silkwood attorneys forbidding public disclosure of what they were finding.

"The FBI has tried so desperately to shut down the Silkwood case," principal Silkwood attorney Danny Sheehan told *The Rebel*, "because the existence of these [spying] activities was being documented. It's a snakepit if this ever gets out."

The snake had begun to crawl out of the pit in mid-1978 when the Silkwood estate sued the FBI along with Kerr-McGee for violations of civil rights in U.S. District Court in the Western District of Oklahoma. Depositions alleged that James Reading, Kerr-McGee's then-director of security, had given FBI agent Lawrence Olson (the Bureau's liaison to Kerr-McGee and a COINTELPRO participant) and Jaque Srouji (an FBI COINTELPRO informant now holding a top-secret Naval Intelligence security clearance and working closely with the CIA) "typed manuscripts of Silkwood conversations" transcribed from illegal recordings.

According to Srouji's testimony, Reading and others had wiretapped Silkwood's telephone and had her put under physical surveillance.

Srouji had been in Oklahoma in late 1974 working for the FBI in gathering information about Silkwood supporters and antinuclear activists under cover as a journalist—which she was, for the *Nashville Tennessean*. But she was also in Oklahoma on behalf of the CIA, which also was using her undercover as a journalist. She was writing a book about nuclear energy as a vehicle to make contact with persons inside the antinuclear movement, which was converging on the Silkwood case.

Critical Mass is the title of the book she wrote. It was published by Aurora Publishers, a mysterious Nashville firm whose editor for Srouji was Dominick DeLorenzo, a former Army Intelligence officer working for the CIA.

Hundreds of pounds of FBI documents--still less than 60 percent of its Silkwood file—were eventually released to Federal Judge Frank Theis. The contents were cloaked "national security," but their existence proved the Bureau had the kind of exclusive relationship with Srouji which up to this point it had continued to deny.

The FBI objected 30 times in court ("national security") to any discussion whatsoever about who requested Srouji write *Critical Mass*. When Sheehan finally demanded that Theis make the FBI respond, Theis withdrew into his chamber with Bureau officials, returning to tell Sheehan: "It's all part of it. I can't divulge it. The implications are sinister."

In retrospect its origins seem sinister. In 1972 a high-level secret meeting of the Atomic Energy Commission (AEC) took place about how to deal with the swelling antinuclear movement. What resulted was AEC's creation of the Intelligence Assessment Team, which was quickly integrated with other dissident-watching intelligence agencies. Co-chair of the meeting was William C. Sullivan, who had headed the FBI's notorious COINTELPRO civilian spying program in the late 1960s and was director of the Bureau's Domestic Intelligence Division. Subsequently the renamed Nuclear Regulatory Commission (NRC) quietly issued three reports that uniformly recommended measures to deal with civilian dissension.

The first report was prepared in 1974. It states protection of domestic nuclear energy and defense policies increasingly will have to rely upon intelligence secured through "electronic and other means of surveillance."

"It is not the AEC's business to conduct this sort of intelligence," the report continues, "but it is the AEC's business to see that those agencies of the U.S. Govern-

ment which have intelligence-gathering responsibilities, including the FBI, CIA and NSA [National Security Agency], focus their attention upon this particular threat to our national defense and security."

These very agencies, as well as numerous private intelligence-gathering organizations, apparently coalesced in illegal spying on Silkwood and many other ostensible threats to security. Ostensible in the sense that Frank Donner, author of *The Age of Surveillance*, meant when he wrote "a major goal of the intelligence community—both public and private—is putting terrorist trousers on nonviolent antinuclear movements."

Indeed. In 1978, FBI Director William H. Webster admitted to reporters that the Bureau's domestic intelligence unit was under orders not to watch known terrorists, but to seek out movements more arbitrarily considered to be potential terrorists. Shortly thereafter, Webster announced a "memorandum of understanding" between the FBI and NRC, and the *Washington Post* reported, "NRC gets a flow of information on potential nuclear threats from the FBI and other federal intelligence agencies and is staging a 'filter unit' to alert utilities and local police if there is a danger."

But "the present focus of these intelligence efforts is not suspected terrorism," Donner continues, "but monitoring of antinuclear movements and activities."

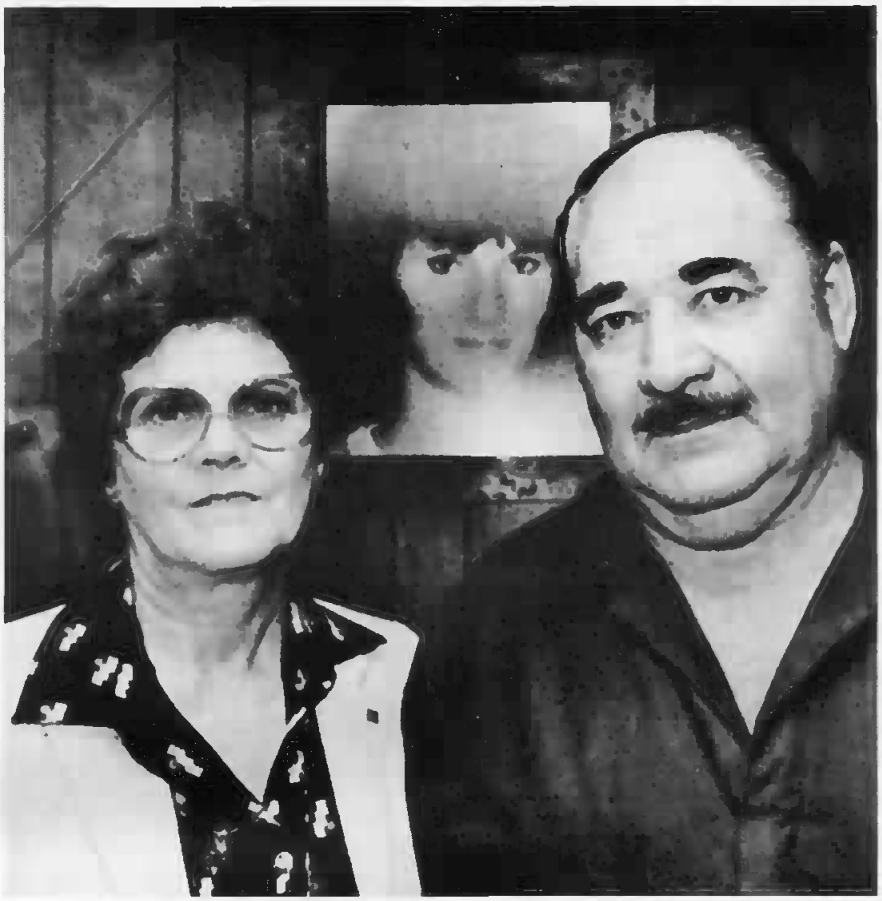
NRC had made this Orwellianly clear in 1974 when it stated "the need to prevent nuclear theft could be used as a persuasive justification for . . . expanded government surveillance of dissidents."

Four years later, both James Reading and the Oklahoma City Police Department's (OCPD) Intelligence Unit (renamed the Organized Crime Unit the same month as, but following, Silkwood's death) have admitted in depositions having paid an informant to become friends with Karen Silkwood and to surreptitiously photograph her personal notebooks and her boyfriend's. Moreover, Silkwood estate investigators insist they found Intelligence Unit officers on Kerr-McGee's security payroll during the time Silkwood was being spied on, and that they saw Reading with an Intelligence Unit officer who "secured illegal electronic wiretapping equipment" from Audio Intelligence Devices, Inc. (AID), a CIA "front" company in Ft. Lauderdale.

He and other Intelligence Unit agents had been trained at AID's National Intelligence Academy (NIA), which assumed the operations of the United States International Police Academy after Congress closed its doors in the early 1960s when it learned it was training assassins.

In conjunction with Reading, OCPD Intelligence Unit officers "engaged in illegal wiretapping using illegal equipment," Sheehan's affidavits state.

In depositions that followed, former security personnel for Georgia Power & Electric testified, "It is standard operating procedure for nuclear facilities to keep activists at their plants and in their area under illegal surveillance . . . with the active cooperation of the intelligence division of the local police."



Merle and Billy Silkwood pose in front of a picture of their daughter Karen

Srouji also admitted under oath that Kerr-McGee has long monitored activities of Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers Union activists across the nation.

A seemingly official Kerr-McGee document surfaced among subpoenaed Oklahoma State Bureau of Investigation (OSBI) records (OSBI up until this time denied investigating Silkwood) showing portions of her "telephone conversations were monitored and recorded" by the AEC. Kerr-McGee denied to *The Rebel* that the fact sheet was theirs.

Silkwood investigators say sources within Southwestern Bell Telephone Company told them about federal agents who regularly tapped phones in Oklahoma "simply upon the receipt of a signed request from certain agents of the executive department stating the tap was desired for national security purposes."

Silkwood attorneys Sheehan and Jim Ikard say that on the morning of Feb. 13, 1978, OCPD Assistant Police Chief Lloyd Gramling (now chief of police) confirmed having overheard discussions indicating officers were involved in wiretapping Silkwood's phone. After the story was leaked to local reporters, however, he publicly denied having made the statement.

Nevertheless, chief of police Tom Heggy—a former federal intelligence agent, sources say—was forced to admit at an Oklahoma City press conference that OCPD possesses $5,000 worth of illegal surveillance equipment, described as the best in the central U.S.

Until OCPD officers were subpoenaed, though, the department asserted none had ever been involved with AID or NIA. When Sheehan asked the court for the subpoenas, OCPD sought to have his request quashed, arguing its officers knew nothing about Silkwood or wiretapping.

Under oath a different story was told. A series of OCPD officers admitted purchasing from AID at least 13 disguisable transmitters.

Capt. Bob Hicks, commander of the Intelligence Unit during the time Silkwood was spied on, testified many of the wiretaps were used illegally and that he had purchased several from AID representative J.W. Hand.

Lt. Ken Smith, Hicks' successor, testified that "although we can't use wiretaps except in violation of state law," he nevertheless purchased bugging equipment, some with federal Law Enforcement Assistance Administration (LEAA) grants. An AID official later admitted LEAA often gave AID customers money to buy its

The Kerr-McGee nuclear facility, where Karen Silkwood was irradiated

wares.

Smith testified he overheard "chit-chat" indicating Intelligence Unit officers were involved in illegal wiretapping and he himself was OCPD's representative of the Law Enforcement Intelligence Unit (LEIU), a private but federally-backed intelligence-gathering entity repeatedly caught red-handed, and members convicted, illegally spying on American citizens.

An FBI source claims OCPD's Intelligence Unit or upper ranks had been infiltrated by either CIA or NSA undercover agents, and OCPD-gleaned FBI surveillance reports on Silkwood were transmitted via a NSA code classified top-secret.

Coincidentally, Heggy at the time was associated with the Washington-based National Police Foundation (NPF), an institution tied to the CIA, sources say. One of these sources, Chester Broderick, former president of the Boston Police Patrolmen's Association, told *The Rebel* NPF's direct connection with the CIA is important in that infiltration of the Boston Police Department by NPF "is no accident. It is deliberate. It is purposeful. It is part of a master plan."

Sheehan's investigations quickly led to LEIU and its principal Oklahoma representative, Thomas Bunting, director of the OSBI's Criminal Conspiracy Unit's Intelligence Division and former Secret Service accommodated Air Force Office of Special Investigations agent. Alleged to know much about LEIU's involvement with the CIA, he was subpoenaed.

Two days later he collapsed from a massive coronary, lapsed into a coma and died within three days without regaining consciousness. He was buried within 24 hours.

Subsequently, another member of the intelligence community with information about LEIU/OCPD spying also died of a massive coronary.

"Both men supposedly died of massive coronaries, although neither had had a previous history of heart disease," Sheehan says. "Furthermore, both were in the ground within 24 hours without an autopsy." A spokesperson for the Oklahoma State Medical Examiner's Office who refused to be identified, told *The Rebel* there was nothing extraordinary about the death to warrant an autopsy.

Sen. Lee Metcalf also died, amid rumors he was about to be subpoenaed. Dean McGee had arrived unannounced at Metcalf's office the day before Metcalf was to convene hearings for a Congressional investigation into Silkwood's death. When McGee left, Metcalf announced the investigation was being dropped.

Although one of Sheehan's principal links to the intelligence community twice narrowly escaped being killed by unidentified assailants, and an investigator was shot in the head, investigations persisted. OCPD's Lt. Smith testified members can obtain names of associates of any person LEIU has a dossier on, and can start a file on anyone. And at last a copy of LEIU's bylaws was secured by subpoena. For the first time it was explicitly revealed that the purpose of LEIU's existence is "to promote the gathering, recording and exchanging of confidential information not available through regular police channels."

"What else can that mean *but* illegal spying," says Silkwood investigator William Davis.

Until the OCPD-LEIU link to AID was revealed, little was known about LEIU's relationship with the CIA.

For more than a decade, AID has provided state-of-the-art surveillance equipment and training for the CIA to domestic and foreign intelligence operatives. AID's assistance to right-wing dictatorships included the Shah of Iran's dreaded SAVAK and Chile's DINA. From 1973 to 1975, OCPD kept local university students who opposed the Shah under illegal surveillance.

In 1972, the CIA, represented by Howard Osborne, director of the Agency's electronic surveillance division, met with AID representative David Ellis, then Assistant Commissioner of Customs, and John Holcomb, proprietor of AID with a

Kerr-McGee worked hand-in-glove with the FBI, illegally spying on anti-nuclear activists

30-year history of CIA-backed spookery, to set up AID as a "front organization" for the Agency. Ever since, it has turned out what Sheehan calls "domestic surveillance operatives to collect intelligence data to be analyzed and stored by the CIA."

Silkwood investigators quote depositions in which FBI sources said the Bureau also asked AID to train private spies "to handle all of the wiretapping that the Feds couldn't touch."

In other depositions, two former Carter White House sources told Sheehan AID is a top-secret CIA operation but that documenting it would be difficult because the "State Department had covered everything down there."

(Nevertheless, a one-page fire inspector's report unearthed by investigator Bill Taylor states admission was refused because a "U.S. security clearance" is required to enter. And, at one time there was even a sign posted near the entrance proclaiming: "U.S. GOVERNMENT REGULATIONS PROHIBIT DISCUSSIONS OF THIS ORGANIZATION OR FACILITY.")

"You're way over your head," one of the White House contacts continues in Sheehan's account. "You don't have any idea how sensitive this issue is. You'd better contact your man in Florida and have him stand down."

"Why?" Sheehan asks.

"I'll tell you why," the other White House source interjects, "They'll kill him. And I promise you, no one will do anything about it."

They introduced Sheehan to a man known only as "Roughneck." He confirmed that AID is CIA; had been from the beginning.

Taylor meanwhile was gathering facts about AID on site. AID/NIA has armed guards, roving patrols and closed-circuit perimeter monitors, he reported. It also has an airstrip CIA-owned Air America airlines used to make 13 daily flights to and from Andros island in the Bahamas.

Andros island is a highly classified government installation controlled by Naval Intelligence but financed and operated by the CIA. It is a veritable honeycomb of underground facilities, including a British Intelligence post.

Andros is also where AID is involved with the Atlantic Undersea Test and Evaluations Center (AUTEC), the Navy's most secret and heavily-guarded oceanic laboratory testing undersea listening and weapons devices.

According to Jim Hougan, author of *Spooks: The Haunting of America*, retired agents from the CIA, Drug Enforcement Agency and Justice Department are regularly recruited as NIA instructors. Some have quit, however, charging NIA with working to circumvent the law.

Asked directly what NIA teaches, Doug Carlton, former Academy president and person in charge when Holcomb's not around, told Hougan: "I've never been a strong believer in the public's right to know."

On the morning of May 25, 1978, Theis issued a subpoena ordering Holcomb before Silkwood attorneys to answer questions. But before he could be served, a local reporter, Gypsy Hougan, inadvertently tipped him when she called for an interview.

"What is this [Sheehan], some kind of a nut?" Hougan quotes Holcomb. "If we were a front organization, he'd never know it. If we were, we'd deny it, and if we weren't, we'd still deny it."

Although he told the reporter he wasn't worried about Sheehan or his subpoena, he immediately embarked for Germany while the reserved parking space bearing his name was being painted over.

Sheehan says Roughneck told him, "They'll never let you get to Holcomb. They'll kill him first."

Perhaps that is what happened to Leo Goodwin Jr., a former Army Intelligence officer who, through his inheritance of the GEICO Insurance Company fortune, funneled millions to AID. He was known to be disillusioned with it, though, and a bought AID employee said he might talk. Two days before a scheduled meeting with a Silkwood investigator, he died and was cremated. The death certificate does not name the physicians who performed his autopsy.

Jack Larson, director of AID's marketing and an LEIU member, *was* successfully subpoenaed and testified that company files pertaining to AID's relationship with Oklahoma law enforcement agencies had disappeared.

Further discovery motions resulted in a subpoena for Arthur Benson, a man who worked with Holcomb under E. Howard Hunt training mercenaries for the Bay of Pigs fiasco. Benson was now directing Risk Management, Georgia Power and Electric's (GP&E) security department. Risk Management had requested from LEIU information about Silkwood prior to her death.

Benson left town and was unavailable for being served, leading investigators to suspect he too had been tipped.

Risk Management is a full-scale intelligence gathering operation (with a last disclosed budget of $750,000), better equipped than the Georgia Bureau of Investigation. Sheehan told *The Rebel* it is "a classic microcosm of what goes on nationally."

Years before Risk Management was exposed, sources say the CIA laundered funds to a consumer advocacy group opposing GP&E. The effect was increased opposition to the utility and hence GP&E's justification to increase surveillance, eventually culminating with Risk Management.

Court documents quote informants maintaining that Benson was retained by the CIA with "the responsibility of directing clandestine surveillance," particularly of persons "who oppose the private development of nuclear power." He has repeatedly transmitted such information "to the CIA and FBI via representatives of the LEIU," the depositions state.

William Lovin, former Risk Management investigator, is quoted as asserting that GP&E maintains cross-indexed "dossiers on everybody Georgia Power doesn't like."

After attempts to subpoena him failed, Lovin abruptly left with his family for Germany.

In all, 12 federal subpoenaes were issued for CIA and FBI agents. Aside from those who were mysteriously tipped and disappeared, six agents simply refused to give depositions, even if so ordered by the court.

In the meantime, Sheehan and an investigator were illegally arrested and detained until after the discovery time limit in Denton County, Texas after legally serving a subpoena to J.W. Hand.

Sheehan says the arresting officer—out of uniform and in an unmarked car—told him, "I know who you guys are and what you're doing down here. I spoke with the Oklahoma City Police and they sure aren't happy with you up there. And we're not very happy with you down here either."

Subsequently Sheehan argued for an extension of his discovery time limit. However, based on the government's and other deponents' arguments to dismiss the suit entirely, Theis determined there indeed was no ground for allowing it to continue, despite his earlier vow to get to the bottom of the matter. Eventually the Supreme Court refused without comment to consider the Silkwoods' appeal.

"The CIA has been reformed, isn't that what we've been told?" Sheehan raged. "The Rockefeller Commission, the Church Committee, the Pike Committee, they reformed it. What a crock! Anytime the CIA doesn't want a case prosecuted the case doesn't get prosecuted. Justice be damned! Same as always—nothing's changed."

And investigations had just begun to learn where the CIA's AID-equipped, NIA-trained LEIU agent provacateurs were going upon return from the field. They were going to feed their illegally obtained information into the memory of an LEIU computer paid for by the Justice Department.

According to LEAA documents obtained by subpoena, in addition to having already given $1.6 million to LEIU to develop its intelligence data base, LEAA supplied another $324,018 on Sept. 18, 1974, for 125 terminals to be put on-line to a central computer in East Lansing, Michigan operated by the private, federally funded SEARCH, Inc. (now known as Search Group, Inc.) which was directed by Paul Wormeli, then LEAA Deputy Administrator for Administration.

Now directing the LEIU affiliate, Operational Systems, Wormeli gave numerous grants to local police between 1970 and 1977 to purchase surveillance equipment from AID.

James Golden was another incestuous link. While involved with LEAA intelligence affairs he was an LEIU member who made frequent trips to Oklahoma City in connection with vaguely described LEAA financed OCPD "anti-crime operations." Golden was also chief of security for Howard Hughes' Summa Corp., which has been linked to the CIA, and helped found International Intelligence, Inc. (Interpol), a private spying apparatus *par excellence*.

The money was channeled through the California Crime Technology Research Administration, administered by LEIU executive Charles E. Casey, now head of the

"Been workin' here for a long time, eh pal?"

ARGO PICTURE GROUP

The site of Karen Silkwood's fatal car accident

California Justice Department's Bureau of Organized Crime and Criminal Intelligence and as late as last April paying informants to spy on "left-leaning" organizations like the Gray Panthers and supporters of Poland's Solidarity.

Sheehan told the court "LEAA intentionally financed LEIU's computer for the express purpose of installing within it devices known as electronic switching systems to enable the CIA to wiretap this intelligence data to be stored in highly classified CIA files kept on American citizens in willful and knowing violation of its charter."

According to LEIU's bylaws, it has the ability to search any file "by various criteria, resulting in an increased possibility of . . . data on (any) subjects of interest."

On Jan. 6, 1977, LEAA gave another $299,999 "for automation of" LEIU's data base "on a minicomputer system" to serve all 224 member agencies.

Thus LEIU now possesses one of the most sophisticated privately owned electronic switching systems in the nation, designated as a "Pointer Name Index System," which, upon command, can be fed the name of any citizen about whom information has been illegally obtained by any LEIU member and instantly print out the location—and electronic access code(s)—of any computer in the world in which information is contained about that person.

Importantly, between late 1974 and 1977, LEIU's computer was to have been unfunded because LEIU could not assure Congress that civil rights wouldn't be violated. Yet in September of 1974, LEAA clearly paid for LEIU to plug into SEARCH, Inc.'s computer. Furthermore, Naval Intelligence had been using it since September 1976.

The LEIU-SEARCH, Inc. computer facility in East Lansing stayed in operation until April 1977.

"But, when shit hit the fan because of our having discovered its whereabouts," Sheehan said, "they apparently tried to clean up their act and moved to Sacramento for security reasons."

In fact, Jesse Coulter, commander of the Detroit Police Department (which, as one of the terms of lawsuits brought against it for illegal LEIU spying, was supposed to have terminated its involvement with LEIU in 1974) eventually told the city council still-secret LEIU files had been covertly submitted to LEIU headquarters "for safekeeping" *in April 1977.*

With LEIU's move to higher ground and the dismissal of the Silkwoods' civil rights suit, and thus federal subpoenaing power, further penetrations of this grossly illegal network of spying were abruptly halted. The voyeurs of Karen Silkwood were allowed to escape, concealing themselves behind abused proclamations of national security. "It's business as usual," Silkwood attorney Jim Ikard told *The Rebel.*

So it seems. On the afternoon of May 17, 1979, while some 50 friends and supporters of Silkwood erected a wooden monument at the site of her death, this reporter saw someone in a car parked just off the highway about a half mile away, photographing them through a telephoto lens. ■

Anthony Kimery is an Oklahoma-based investigative reporter specializing in environmental news.

Part II

Ronald Reagan's Ruling Class

Nine portraits of the President's top officials

By Ronald Brownstein & Nina Easton

With the 1984 election year already underway, it is essential to review the record of the Reagan Administration. There is no better way to do so than by close scrutiny of those Ronald Reagan has appointed to public office.

Rarely, if ever, has there been a president whose administration has been so deeply committed to servicing the rich—and so thoroughly ignorant of the needs of the poor. A look back on the first four years of the Reagan Administration proves that his only great accomplishment was to lift the "burden" of taxes off the backs of wealthy Americans and the giant corporations they run.

Reagan's Ruling Class, *excerpted below, provides a detailed roadmap to the Reagan years. In this, our second installment taken from this book,* The Rebel *has chosen portraits of the worst offenders in the Reagan White House. The profiles printed here primarily deal with the responsibilities of office, the financial background and the major issues that confront these nine Reagan officials.*

William Casey
Director of Central Intelligence

The CIA's budget and personal figures are kept secret, but it is certain that both have received sizeable increases since the Reagan Administration took office.

For each of the high government posts that Casey proudly displays on his resume—chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC), under-Secretary of State for economic affairs, Export-Import Bank president—Casey has had to suffer through extensive confirmation hearings in which his previous business dealings and government actions were critically examined. There has been plenty to examine: Casey has been involved in a number of civil suits charging him with misleading investors or plagiarizing written material; his activities at the SEC during the Watergate era raised questions—even his testimony at those hearings became an issue as other facts were uncovered . . . Though he stayed on the fringe of the Watergate scandal that oozed through all corners of Nixon's Administration, Casey played a part in two related matters involving Robert Vesco and International Telephone & Telegraph (ITT).

In 1976, Casey joined the law firm of Rogers & Wells, which included his colleague in the Nixon Administration, former Secretary of State William Rogers. At Rogers & Wells, Casey continued to be involved in controversial activities.

In April 1976, the IRS notified Mobil Oil that its payments to the Indonesian government . . . couldn't be credited against their U.S. income. On May 19, Indonesia hired Rogers & Wells to represent it with the IRS; Casey became involved on June 30.

William Casey

Another Casey client was SCA Services, Inc., a Boston-based hazardous waste firm with extensive operations in New Jersey—and alleged links to organized crime . . . In his initial financial disclosure filing with the Senate Intelligence Committee, Casey did not disclose his work for either Indonesia or SCA. Nor did he disclose a number of other financial dealings. In its subsequent December 1981 report on Casey, the committee wrote that, "The written responses by Mr. Casey were deficient in several respects. The original answers omitted at least nine investments valued at more than a quarter of a million dollars, a number of corporations or foundations on whose board Mr. Casey served, four civil law suits in which he was involved in the last five years and more than 70 clients he had represented in private practice in the last five years." Among the clients omitted, in addition to SCA and the government of Indonesia, were South Korea, Kennecott Copper, and Merrill Lynch, the stockbrokerage house run by Donald Regan.

Casey is expanding the scope of the CIA's covert activities while minimizing review by officials outside the intelligence community. The White House has approved a CIA plan to destabilize the Nicaraguan government; and covert operations aimed at overthrowing the governments of Cambodia and Cuba are being considered or have begun, according to watchdog organizations. But the mecha-

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nism for approving these kinds of operations is still unclear.

Under an executive order signed by Reagan, the CIA for the first time in its history is authorized to conduct covert operations inside the United States. The executive order also permits increased surveillance of Americans and domestic organizations.

Casey is seeking complete exemption for the CIA from the Freedom of Information Act, a law which he described as a "cancer" on the intelligence community.

Assessing Casey's financial dealings has been an ongoing process. The original list of clients at Rogers & Wells that Casey provided the Senate Intelligence Committee contained less than half as many names as the list he provided during the committee's subsequent investigation.

Casey's financial disclosure form, listing assets and liabilities, was also revised as the year went along. In his Jan. 8, 1981 filing with the Office of Government Ethics, Casey and his wife listed assets of at least $3.085 million, including holdings of $100,000 or greater in (13 different companies). The couple reported holdings of $50,000 or more in (8 companies and 2 trusts), with smaller holdings in Exxon, Alcoa, DuPont, Amax, Armco, and other firms. He listed no liabilities, nor any gifts.

In August 1981, though, Casey amended his filing to add 10 additional assets worth more than $145,000, and several liabilities (loan guarantees) worth $472,000 as well as a direct liability of $18,000.

Unlike his two predecessors, George Bush and Admiral Stansfield Turner, who placed their holdings in blind trusts, Casey has kept control of his stocks. "I don't see why I should be picked on," Casey said when asked about his decision.

William Clark
Secretary of Interior

Clark has held three positions in the Reagan Administration. (1) Ass't. to the President for National Security. (2) When Richard Allen was forced to resign as National Security Advisor, Clark moved up to replace Allen. And (3) when James Watt "resigned" as Secretary of Interior, Clark moved over to take that job. What follows is a general sketch of Clark, prepared when he was still on the National Security Staff.

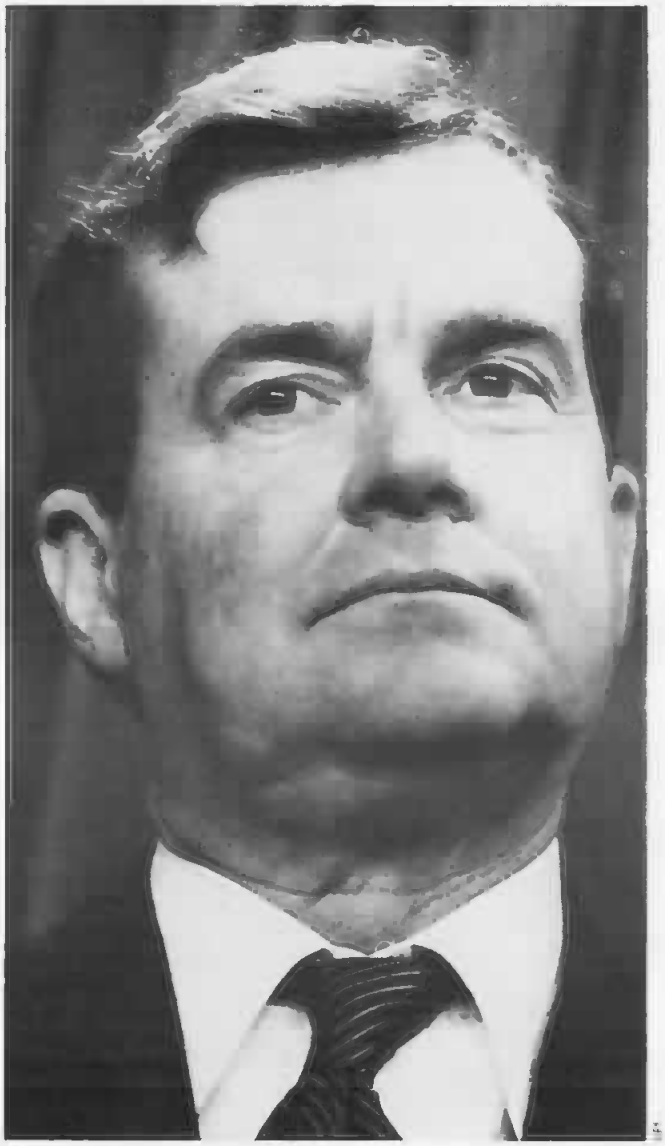
Clark advises Reagan on both defense and foreign policy matters, coordinates policy initiatives of State, Defense and other departments, and directs the National Security Council (NSC).

It may seem somewhat implausible that a man who attended Stanford University on an athletic scholarship for two years before dropping out with low grades, who flunked out of Loyola Law School, who failed his first attempt at the bar exam, could become a governor's chief of staff, a State Supreme Court justice, the number two official at the State Department, and the President's National Security adviser. But that, in a nutshell, has been William Clark's career.

Rarely has a candidate for such prominent, and sensitive, positions had so much to be modest about. Clark's only political experience before becoming Reagan's cabinet and executive secretary in California was as Reagan's campaign chairman for Ventura County. Then, not long after Reagan promised to "take the cronyism out of judicial appointments," he appointed Clark—a staunch conservative with an undistinguished record as an attorney—to the Superior Court in San Luis Obispo County.

That appointment, and his promotion to the California Court of Appeals in 1971, were simply primers for Clark's appointment to the State Supreme Court. . . . Reagan wanted a right-wing judge he could count on to tame the nation's most activist court. Clark was his man. "This was Gov. Reagan's idea at all three levels," Clark told the San Francisco *Examiner* in a 1977 interview. "It never crossed my mind that I would be a judge."

Although Clark has built most of his career on political cronyism, his performance has generally been adequate. . . . "He was a much more competent justice than we expected, although that's still not saying much," said Ephraim Margolin, past president of the California Attorneys for Criminal Justice. "We thought he would fall flat on his face but he didn't. He was a very run-of-the-mill justice. He was not too talented, he never developed any legal theories of his own, but he wasn't flaky either."



William Clark

For the most part, Clark's voting record on the California bench was predictable. He supported reinstatement of the death penalty and other tough criminal laws. . . . Reagan's nomination of Clark as the number two official at the State Department was considered a move to plant a White House spy on Secretary of State Haig . . . Clark . . . admitted early on that he had no foreign policy experience.

During his nomination hearing, Clark shocked senators and the foreign policy community when he could not identify the leaders of South Africa . . . or Zimbabwe . . . or the NATO countries that don't want long-range nuclear missiles based on their soil . . . His confirmation was opposed by all Democrats on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, except Alan Cranston (D-California). He bowed out of answers to other questions, claiming lack of knowledge, and could only speak very generally on major foreign policy questions. The foreign press immediately jumped on Clark—an Amsterdam daily called him a "nitwit," and a Johannesburg paper labeled him the "Don't Know Man."

Clark's chief asset is his insider status with the Reagan team . . . He bought a 900-acre ranch in San Luis Obispo County in 1965 which has since been his home.

James Buckley

James Buckley
President, Radio Free Europe

Running the American propaganda broadcasts beamed through the "Iron Curtain" is Buckley's third position in the Reagan Administration. Initially, he was Counselor at the State Department, then he became one of four under-Secretaries of State. He's another of Reagan's favorites.

While he was one of the under-Secretaries of State, Buckley was charged with ensuring that military aid was used as an effective instrument of U.S. foreign policy. Officially, he decided who got what weapons.

James Buckley and his siblings were weaned on wealth, conservatism, and strict Catholic discipline. Their father, William Buckley Sr., was an attorney who made his original fortune off Mexican oil. . . . In 1919, the senior Buckley told a Senate committee what he thought of Mexican democracy: "The truth is that it does not matter what a great majority of the Mexican people think. The mass of people have not the ability to think clearly, and have not the knowledge on which to base convictions, or the public spirit to act on them."

That was the kind of elitist philosophy which William Buckley doggedly injected into his children as they grew up in New York. . . . The caustic William Jr., of course, has for years been a prominent spokesman for the right, as a columnist and as editor of the *National Review* (one of Reagan's favorite magazines), and as founder of both the Young Americans for Freedom and New York's Conservative Party. James became vice-president of the family's Catawba Corporation, an oil "consulting firm," that in reality controls several oil and drilling companies.

In 1970, at the suggestion of his brother Bill, James made his political debut as the Conservative Party candidate (for U.S. Senate) for New York.

In a race where his two opponents criticized U.S. involvement in Vietnam, the staunchly conservative Buckley appealed to both Republican and many blue collar Democrats supporting the President's policies. Buckley called (Nixon's bombing of Cambodia) "a damn successful operation."

He had Nixon's support and flush campaign chest. Buckley raised more than $1.9 million . . . Pulling in just under 40 percent of the vote, James Buckley became the first third party senator since 1940.

On the subject of conducting "limited" nuclear warfare, Buckley made these remarks during a 1972 debate: "We ought to begin to give ourselves the ability to strike selectively at military targets, not cities, so that a President in a crisis would have the fullest range of options and we could keep the killing, whether of Ameri-

cans or of the enemy, at a minimum . . . Let's assume there is something that is in the border of accidental (sic). You could lob something over towards Moscow just to remind the Russian leadership that you are alert. I think this is an area where selective use of nuclear weapons is possible and desirable."

The doors of the U.S. military store have been thrown wide open—restrictions on arms sales have been dropped, and U.S. military assistance around the world is on the rise. U.S. arms exports in fiscal year 1983 may top the all-time record at $30 billion.

Sophisticated weaponry that the Reagan Administration is selling to Saudi Arabia, Venezuela, Pakistan, South Korea, Egypt, Israel and Jordan are likely to generate spiralling arms races in those volatile regions and will divert resources from U.S. defense.

As the Reagan Administration's chief arms merchant, Buckley has been as busy as a department store clerk during Christmas rush.

Most of Buckley's (personal) wealth is tied up in the family's oil empire. Like most millionaires, James Buckley does not like to lay out his financial holdings for public scrutiny. . . . During his 1980 campaign for the Connecticut Senate seat, Buckley made public his 1979 tax return "under protest." . . . The return shows a combined adjusted gross income of $207,000 for him and his wife.

Robert T. Burford
Director, Bureau of Land Management

Little known in the East, the BLM is a huge force in the West, where most of the public land is located. The agency is responsible for managing, and protecting, 417 million acres of public lands, another 169 million acres of subsurface minerals below lands held by other owners, and the Outer Continental Shelf . . . Burford oversees a staff of 5,744 and a budget in 1982 of $1.177 billion.

A lifelong rancher often described as feeling more comfortable in cowboy boots and jeans than a business suit, Burford comes to Washington as part of the "Colorado mafia" that includes his boss, Interior Secretary James Watt (later forced to resign), and his close friend (now wife) EPA chief Anne Gorsuch. (Gorsuch also resigned her post amidst the "toxic waste dumps" scandal, which recently resulted in a six-month prison sentence for one of her deputies, Rita Lavelle.)

Gorsuch . . . was one of a group of conservative legislators that engineered his election as speaker of the Colorado House of Representatives in 1978. Burford worked closely with Gorsuch to push conservative causes, including the elimination of a state women's commission.

Burford owns, and has become wealthy from, a 10,000-acre ranch about 25 miles south of Grand Junction. He is a member of both the State and National Cattleman's Associations, which have regularly pressed for increased grazing access to public lands.

Over the past decade, Burford has regularly banged heads with the agency he now directs. In July 1979, BLM fined him $169 for grazing his livestock "on public lands without a valid permit." Such a violation is extremely rare, local BLM officials later told reporters. Almost exactly one year later, the BLM's area manager wrote Burford again, warning that he had improperly trailed his cattle through a BLM driveway and that "future unauthorized use of the driveway will constitute trespass actions."

These incidents were apparently not isolated; as far back as 1971, BLM officials wrote Burford and four other ranchers to delineate an official definition of trespass. That letter followed a meeting with the ranchers "to discuss the problem of unauthorized grazing."

In 1976, the BLM reduced his spring grazing allotment by about 60 percent, citing "a deteriorated range condition (in which) . . . overgrazing is evidenced . . ."

This record, said Debbie Sease of the Sierra Club at his conformation hearing, "demonstrates a reluctance on Mr. Burford's part to work with the BLM toward good land management."

Inside the Colorado statehouse, Burford generally displayed a similar attitude toward environmental issues . . . During 1976 and 1978, he received ratings of zero from the (Colorado Open Space Council), which charts legislators on environmental issues . . . After the 1975 session, in which he received a 20 percent rating, the group wrote: "He does not seem to waste much sympathy on environmental problems."

Burford has reorganized the bureau, giving energy and mineral development increased prominence. The Reagan budget cut BLM funds devoted to environmental protection measures while increasing funding for both on and offshore oil and gas development. Burford has proposed a series of changes to loosen federal grazing policy, though analysts say much of federal land is already overgrazed.

"It's pretty apparent James Watt is hiring people to do what he wants them to do," said one House staffer. "Burford is one of his people."

Burford's net worth, according to a March 1981 Dept. of Interior filing with the Office of Personnel Management, "is several million dollars." Much of that derives from his extensive land and cattle holdings; he has made a great deal of money buying and selling land. In 1980, Burford sold 400 acres of his property to the National Park Service for $273,248. Several years ago he sold a patch of Eagle County ranchland that became the Vail, Colorado ski resort.

"Burford is right in tune with Watt's philosophy," said a staff member at the House Subcommittee on Public Lands and Parks.

Paul Nitze
Ambassador
Long-Range Theater Nuclear Force Negotiations

Nitze heads up the U.S. delegation seeking to negotiate limits on "theater" nuclear weapons in Europe.

A conservative Democrat, former investment banker, a senior official in prior administrations of both parties, Nitze for over 30 years has been an influential hardliner favoring high levels of defense spending and tough bargaining with the Soviets on arms control. Through his longevity alone, he was a familiar figure on Capitol Hill, and even among those who disagreed with him, he was respected for his technical mastery of arms control and his analytical skills.

Nitze's long and distinguished career has not rewarded him with a position at the top of the official pantheon; he has served next to the seats of real power, but no President has called upon him to sit in them . . . It has been a long road to the negotiating table in Geneva for Nitze, one filled with repudiation, political exile, and now, sweet vindication. After graduating from Harvard University in 1928, Nitze joined the investment banking firm of Dillon, Read and Co., rising to become a vice president. With independent means, he turned to government service, entering the Roosevelt Administration in 1940 as an aide to Navy Secretary James Forrestal, whom he had met on Wall Street.

(In 1950, Nitze was appointed director of the policy planning staff of the State Department.)

In the latter capacity, Nitze headed a group that drafted the legendary National Security Council Directive No. 68 in response to President Truman's request for a review of U.S. security policies . . . Approved by Truman prior to the outbreak of the Korean War, NSC-68 called for a tripling of military spending to strengthen conventional as well as nuclear forces, and is now regarded by historians as one of the opening shots of the cold war. At the time, Nitze was a leading supporter of the development of the hydrogen bomb . . .

Throughout the period, Nitze's tone was steady, strident and uncompromising. He did not blink at the prospect of using nuclear weapons . . . (In an address in the late '50s), he declared, "If we must engage in military action, it is to be hoped that the action can

Paul Nitze

be limited in scope and in the weapons used. If conventional weapons cannot by themselves restore the situation, certain types of situations may require tactical atomic weapons as well."

Out of government again in 1969, Nitze founded, with Dean Acheson and Albert Wohstetter, the Committee to Main a Prudent Defense Policy. A forerunner of the Committee on the Present Danger, the group effectively lobbied for the Nixon Administration's plan to deploy four Anti-Ballistic Missile (ABM) sites.

For all his technical sophistication, though, Nitze clearly still sees the world in black and white hardline terms . . . His credo on arms control represents a view that makes the U.S. akin to innocent idealists, facing an adversary determined to twist every comma and clause to the cause of international revolution . . . Nitze nevertheless believes that further arms control negotiations with the Soviets can be fruitful, which actually makes him something of a moderate in an administration with officials who would just as soon drop the entire idea.

Perhaps it is because he has never held elective office—never had his views judged by voters with concerns and beliefs and backgrounds different than he—that he has been so unwavering in his beliefs. From Harvard to Wall Street to Washington, he has maneuvered always in the upper crust of American society and in his words the public outside of that thin sphere seems far away, barely visible.

"I've seen a number of movements of public opinion in which the views are deeply held and forcibly expressed," he replied when we asked about the growing concern over the nuclear buildup. And in his tone, it was clear: this too shall pass; and when the noisy public clamor has blown on like a brief summer storm, the decisions will remain in the hands of men of affairs, men of state, men like Paul Nitze.

Nitze's financial disclosure form is a worldwind tour through the upper reaches of the Fortune 500. According to his statement, he is worth at least $5.5 million and the actual figure is probably much higher. With his wife, his portfolio includes investments of $250,000 or greater in: Revlon, Inc.; Loews Corp.; Exxon Corp.; Mobil Corp.; Standard Oil of California; Standard Oil of Indiana; and four other companies. Nitze and his wife reported investments greater than $100,000 in (nine other companies—including IBM and the *Washington Past*—and a family farm in Bel Alton, Maryland.)

Pulitzer Prize winning historian Barbara Tuchman said recently, "A rough equivalent. . .to the appointment as chief delegate to the Geneva talks of the high priest of the hard line, Paul Nitze . . . would be putting Pope John Paul II in charge of abortion rights."

Edward Rowny
U.S. Special Representative for Arms Control and Disarmament Negotiations

Rowny is the Administration's chief negotiator at the Strategic Arms Reduction Talks or START (previously Strategic Arms Limitation Talks or SALT).

An Army general who has commanded troops in two wars,

Rowny regards arms control negotiations as a continuation of the super-power conflict, a forum in which to defeat the Soviets. So far, he maintains, the Soviets have been the clear winners at the bargaining table. "We took our lumps three times, in SALT I, the ABM and SALT II. We should be wary of risking too much on a fourth go-around," he wrote in his new book, *The Problems of Negotiating SALT.*

On the fourth go-around Rowny is prepared to run an arms race with the Russians, one that will bring Moscow to the bargaining table with the realization that they cannot hope to outbuild the U.S. . . .These days Rowny is patricularly pleased with his new boss, who did not shrink from entering that race with full force. In announcing his five-part nuclear arms program in October 1981, Reagan "showed he was going to be firm no matter what, no matter how tough the depression—recession, then, now there's talk of depression—but no matter how bad the unemployment, we've got to take care of our national defense, and that takes first call," said Rowny.

Rowny, said one former Pentagon official who has worked with him, "fundamentally objects to negotiating with the Soviets." A former member of the SALT II negotiating team added: "Rowny views the Soviets as "untrustworthy, imperialistic, and threatening. It's not a realistic view to that degree—he thinks they're responsible when it rains, sleets, or snows, for every evil in the world."

"I don't think that Gen. Rowny was really interested in any kind of available compromise," said chief SALT II negotiator Paul Warnke. "His views would have required that the Soviets give up in every respect where the asymmetries favored them and allowed us to preserve every instance where the asymmetries favored us."

Even the Joint Chiefs of Staff, which Rowny officially represented, were more flexible than he . . . But Rowny sat through the initialling of the accord in Geneva and then, amidst much fanfare, he resigned from the delegation and retired from the Army "so I could testify . . . against ratification of the SALT II treaty" . . . After his resignation, Rowny served as an adviser to Sen. Jesse Helms (R-North Carolina), a noted hawk on Capitol Hill.

"Ed Rowny's idea of a good treaty is one he has dictated to the Soviets," said one former SALT II negotiator.

"Rowny has always pushed proposals which are clearly non-negotiable," another former member of the SALT II delegation. "I'll be very surprised if any of his proposals would result in an agreement."

Several arms control experts we interviewed agreed that although Rowny's positions are nearly identical to that of Paul Nitze (see Nitze profile), he is considered a far less competent negotiator and a less reputable strategic thinker. "Rowny is not near as smart as Nitze. He has that sort of gut feeling, while Nitze reaches his position intellectually," said a a former SALT negotiator.

Donald Hodel
Secretary of Energy

Hodel's first position in the Reagan Administration was Undersecretary of Interior, the number two man behind James Watt.

Environmentalists, Donald Hodel once said, "clamor for a return to a more primitive life, to choking off our individual and collective and aspirations for ourselves and our children."

And: "Over the past several years, it (the environmental movement) has fallen into the hands of a small, arrogant faction which is dedicated to bringing our society to a halt. I call this faction the Prophets of Shortage. They are the anti-producers, the anti-achievers."

Actually, as administrator of the Bonneville Power Administration (BPA), Hodel was a prophet of shortage himself, repeatedly forecasting that some people's "lights would be turned off" unless more and more generating facilities were built. These two views—a passionate commitment to building new electrical capacity, particularly nuclear, and a passionate distaste for environmentalists—guided Hodel's stormy eight-year reign at the BPA, a federal agency that markets electrical power produced by federal dams in the Northwest.

There he became a key figure in the region's energy planning . . . "Bonneville played a central role in facilitating an enormous nuclear and coal expansion in the Northwest," said Ralph Cavanagh, an attorney with the Natural Resources Defense Council in San Francisco.

One massive project assisted—and arguably only made possible—by Bonneville is the ill-fated excursion into nuclear power by the Washington Public Power Supply System (WPPSS). In the early 1970s, under a complex agreement with Bonneville known as "net billing," WPPSS began work on five nuclear power plants, whose costs was estimated at $4 billion. Under the arrangement, the BPA agreed to raise its rates as high as necessary—throughout its entire power grid—to cover the debt for the first three plants. (The final two plants were forced out on their own when the IRS ruled that WPPSS bonds could not receive tax exempt status if BPA was purchasing the power.) Hodel "was the principal architect of the net billing scheme," said Mark Reis, a former energy aide to Rep. Weaver, who now directs a coalition monitoring implementation of a 1980 law that amended the BPA's functions. Hodel signed the net billing contracts on two of the plants. According to Reis and other regional energy sources, Hodel also orally promised the utilities investing in the WPPSS 4 and 5 plants that he would purchase their output for the Bonneville system. BPA has not been able to fulfill that promise, and the utilities invested in the two plants are facing financial disaster, as construction costs escalate. Today, the estimated cost for the five plants has soared to $23.8 billion, and WPPSS in February 1982 terminated construction on the final two plants.

The massive project symbolizes two tenets of the Hodel era at BPA: support for nuclear power and resistance to environmental impact statements.

Hodel has old ties to both Reagan and Watt. A long-time Republican activist, Hodel was an alternate delegate to the 1968 convention and served on state Reagan for President committees in both 1968 and 1980 . . . Jim Blumquist, an environmentalist who sparred with Hodel from his position at the Sierra Club, said, "Hodel and Watt are birds of a feather."

Larry Williams, who regularly sparred with Hodel as executive director of the Oregon Environmental Council before joining the federal Council on Environmental Quality staff under Carter told us, "Hodel has a very low sensitivity to environmental isues . . . he blundered very badly in the Northwest in taking on environmentalists, saying they were something akin to communists."

James C. Miller III
Chairman
Federal Trade Commission

The FTC Act of 1914 provides the agency with its basic authority to regulate "unfair methods of competition" and "unfair or deceptive acts or practices." It enforces that authority through a Bureau of Competition, which handles antitrust matters; a Bureau of Consumer Protection, which watches over advertising, product reliability, and marketing abuses; and a Bureau of Economics, which conducts research on the structure of the economy.

Miller has spent virtually his entire career opposing federal regulation, which in other times would make him a somewhat unusual choice to head one of the relatively more aggressive and effective federal regulatory agencies . . . "On the question of pollution, that is really a problem of property rights," Miller has said. ". . .But surely I mean businessmen and women must sit around the table and make decisions about pollution and surely, you know, I think most businessmen and women that face the option think, 'Gee, we can legally pollute but the result will be that we kill people and even if we don't, even if we would not be held liable for that,' they as a moral issue probably take that option not to pol-

SIPA BLACK STAR

James Miller III

lute."

"His major contribution," said one Capitol Hill staffer familiar with Miller's work, "has been to translate a rather abstruse part of neo-classical economic theory into public policy. ". . . Like other conservative economists, Miller has long advocated the use of "personal protective equipment," such as respirators, as a substitute for engineering controls that remove pollutants from the workplace.

Miller is generally considered an ideologue. A fervent believer that government should stay out of business's way, he speaks of "economic efficiency" with the reverence of an artist describing the Sistine Chapel.

Miller has suggested the agency back away from its ad substantiation program, a proposal criticized even by many leaders of the advertising industry.

Miller has also criticized the agency's product defects program, which has won over $125 million for consumers stuck with defective goods.

Miller's transition team report on the FTC suggests reallocating the agency's resources from policing the marketplace to intervening before other government agencies to fight regulation of business.

George Eads, a former member of the Council of Economic Advisers and a long-time friend of Miller's . . . said "I don't think they have nearly as much respect for the agencies, and the professionals within the agencies as they should . . . I think they are politicizing the regulatory oversight process to an unfortunate degree."

Of Miller and his key appointments, Michael Pertschuk, his predecessor and now a minority member of the Commission, said: "Their simplistic faith in the benign workings of the unfettered marketplace has an Alice-in-Wonderland quality about it."

"He's a dedicated ideologue," said one congressional staffer who knows him. "There's no negotiating with him."

"Testifying against Miller's nomination, Mark Green, the former director of Congress Watch, said, "to appoint a pro-corporate cheerleader the head of an agency policing corporations is like making prisoners warders. The selection of people such as James Miller to this consumer agency is tantamount to repealing the 1914 FTC Act without bothering to go to Congress."

Mark Fowler
Chairman, Federal Communications Commission

Despite its low profile, the FCC affects virtually all Americans and will make some of the Reagan Administration's most difficult and controversial decisions. Those who receive an exclusive license to broadcast from the federal government on a specific frequency do so in a fiduciary, or trustee, capacity. Trustee obligations imposed by the FCC include the requirement that they cover controversial issues in a balanced manner and that they ascertain community communication needs.

A journeyman communications attorney, Fowler comes to the FCC with few credentials beyond his association with the Reagan campaign team. He also apparently became close with kitchen cabinet member and now USIA head, Charles Z. Wick* (see footnote). At his swearing-in ceremony in May 1981, he took the time to publicly thank Wick for snaring him the job.

Outside of the campaign, though, Fowler was neither particularly well-known, nor well-respected. "I think it would be fair to characterize him as not among the most distinguished members of the communications bar," said one Washington communications attorney. Another attorney told us: "I was not in the least bit impressed by his ability. There were a thousand lawyers who had more stature."

Saying that "we are at the end of regulating broadcasting under the trusteeship model," Fowler argues that broadcasters should be freed of many of their responsibilities to broadcast in "the public interest." He pushed through the commission's legislative recommendations to eliminate the Fairness Doctrine and the equal opportunity provision.

Fowler has been involved in a series of regulatory changes that reduce the amount of information available to community groups seeking to challenge broadcasters at license renewal time.

Mark Fowler may well be the James Watt of the broadcasting world. An unabashed industry advocate, he offers at the slightest provocation homilies about the evils of government interference whose fervor, industry trade officials told us, is often embarrassing to them. Fowler embraces a sense of stewardship for the public airwaves remarkably similar to that expressed by his more well-known counterpart when he was managing the public lands.

The commission must now make key decisions that will determine the structure and control of the expanding cable television industry and the nascent technologies of low power television and direct satellite broadcasting, all of which someday might threaten the dominance of the three networks. It must also continue to oversee the fundamental restructuring of American Telephone & Telegraph as it reaches out into the burgeoning markets of information services opened by its antitrust settlement with the Justice Department.

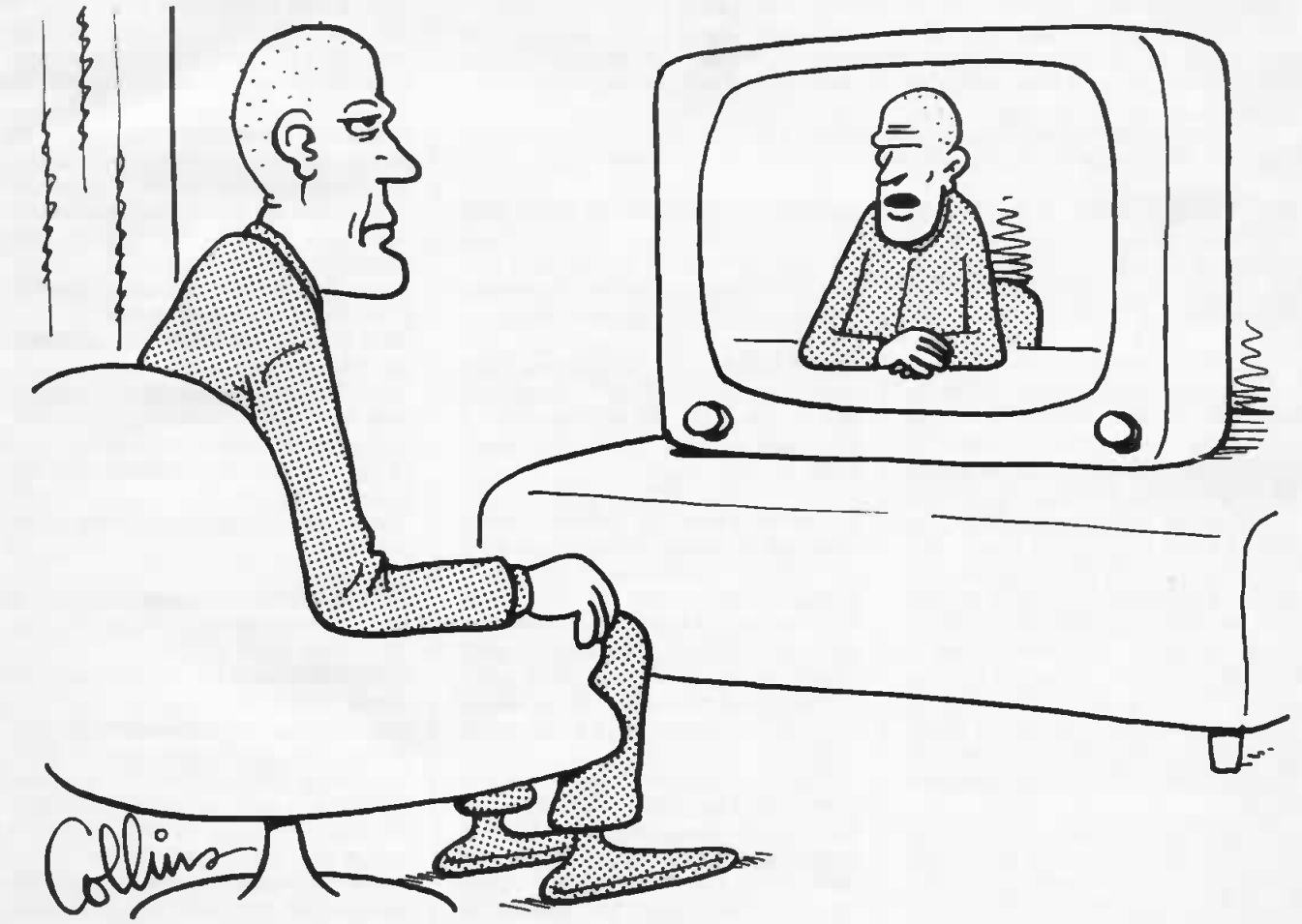
What's at stake in these deliberations, says Rep. Timothy Wirth (D-Colorado), chairman of the House Telecommunications Subcommittee, is nothing less than the "control of information in a democratic society."

Decisions made by the Fowler FCC could determine for a generation and beyond, who will control, and who will have access to, these technologies as they move toward the marketplace.

"His views are absolutely wild, way out," concluded one prominent D.C. communications attorney, who doesn't think much of Fowler. Said the lawyer: "During all the years I was involved in active work with the bar, he was way down on the list, a low man on the totem pole."

Wrote Les Brown, Editor of *Channels* magazine and former television reporter for the *New York Times*: "I fear Mark Fowler because he doesn't know what he's talking about and is eager to turn it into action." ■

*FOOTNOTE: Wick himself was recently discovered to have been taping his telephone conversations without telling the other party, despite a USIA memo advising him this was against policy. It may also be a criminal violation in the state of Florida, where some of his calls took place. When confronted by the *New York Times*, he claimed it was not true he had done this; after a reporter presented him with transcripts, he changed his story.



It's now 1984. Does Big Brother know where you are?

Ray Rogers An innovative union leader explains workers' power and the politics of multinationals

If the American union movement succeeds in reversing its current decline, much of the credit will belong to a new school of labor strategists who first emerged in the late '60s and '70s. The most interesting of these is Ray Rogers, who developed the "corporate campaign" strategy, which takes labor-management disputes off the picket lines and into the boardrooms. As Rogers puts it, a corporate campaign "confronts power with power." First used by the Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers Union (ACTWU) in their effort to organize J.P. Stevens, a notoriously anti-labor textile giant, the corporate campaign Rogers orchestrated brought Stevens to its knees by cutting the company's credit lines, forcing management to sign a union contract in 1980.

Rogers has been involved in union-organizing activities for over 15 years. After graduating from the University of Massachusetts, he served in the Vista Program in the late '60s before getting involved in the United Mine Workers Election campaign in 1972. After working for ACTWU from 1973 to 1980, where he perfected his corporate campaign strategy, he joined forces with Ed Allen and set up a labor consulting firm, Corporate Campaign Inc. to provide organizing research and strategic planning services for such unions as the United Auto Workers, the United Steel Workers, the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers, and the United Paper Workers.

Rogers is an astute critic of organized labor in America, which he often finds too timid or unimaginative in its approach to labor-management disputes. Like a good general, he views these disputes as local skirmishes in a strategic big picture. Thus, when he talks about organized labor, he will also address himself to national and local politics, international finance and management tactics. He believes labor leaders should deal with these matters too, in order to protect the interest of their members.

The following interview with Rogers was conducted by investigative journalist Josh Martin at the headquarters of the Corporate Campaign Inc., in New York City.

THE REBEL: Unions have given unprecedented support to Walter Mondale's presidential bid. What do you think of the role being played by organized labor in the 1984 presidential campaign?

ROGERS: I think it's very important that organized labor become deeply involved in electoral politics. There's no question that it's important for unions and other groups that are fighting to protect and promote the interests of poor and working people and the general public. But where I would be critical of labor is that they place all their emphasis on electoral politics. The big union cry today is, "We gotta knock Ronald Reagan out of office." But in my opinion, the unions should be spending at least as much of their time and resources studying the politics of the big financial institutions, developing programs to mount effective challenges to take back the power stolen from them by those institutions.

The point I'm trying to make here is that no matter who you've got in high political office, as long as you've got this tremendous concentration of economic power, that economic power will wield *political* power that leads, in turn, to great social inequities. In order to create a dispersion of power and a more equitable and just society, to create equality on a massive scale, you have to attack and break up that concentration of economic power.

THE REBEL: Are you suggesting that it doesn't matter who's elected to public office as long as the real power remains in the hands of major banks and corporations?

ROGERS: I won't say it doesn't matter; things can get better or worse under a certain political leadership, Republican or Democrat. But in terms of really creating a tremendous change in power relationships, the party in office doesn't really change that much in the long run. In terms of the poor people, a change in political leadership won't change a great deal in their lives.

When you talk about where the real power lies in this country, I can't emphasize strongly enough that you're talking about the big financial institutions and their ties to the whole corporate structure. Just look at the power that the big financial institutions have, not only over every sector of corporate America, including the multinationals, but over local, state and national government—both here and abroad. The 50 largest commercial banks, with assets of well over a trillion dollars, are controlled by about 1,050 directors. It's actually a very small handful of those 1,050 who really control the policies of these big financial institutions, and they're accountable to nobody. You could say they're accountable to their stockholders, but that's a bunch of baloney. They're accountable to nobody. And yet they make decisions and set investment policies that impact the lives of people not only in this country but all over the world.

Through investment policies, the leadership of these institutions can create havoc in the economy, moving capital from areas of critical need into areas harmful to the public interest. You can see that happening all the time. These financial institutions also influence the public sector, because they hold a significant portion of the debt of the federal government, and the largest fraction of the debt of the local and state governments. They can influence all kinds of public policy. They can cause the restructuring of debt, raising of personal income taxes, renegotiation of labor contracts, and so on. That's the kind of power they have.

THE REBEL: If they're that powerful, and that unaccountable, what can anyone—even the labor unions—do to break their stranglehold?

ROGERS: Poor and working people have to gain influence and control over these big financial institutions, so that we can democratize the investment process and investment decisions. But the only way you can begin to do that is to develop campaigns through which you can put enough pressure on these institutions to make them listen to your legitimate grievances and do something about them. You also have to set up your *own* institutions on a very large scale. There are enough financial resources in the unions to do this, even though they don't have much control over the direction of their pension funds. There's a lot of collective economic power out there.

THE REBEL: But union membership has been dropping.

ROGERS: That's the problem. And the reason, I think, is that many unions have stopped being a moving, organizing force. Instead, they have become more of a lobbying force. The union leadership turned over a lot of their power to two groups: the money managers and the lawyers, who tend to play a safe game. Instead of confronting a company, their inclination is to sit down and cut a deal. It's unfortunate that the unions haven't turned their power over to the organizers, the people who can

go out and activate, develop issues, and who understand how to effectively mobilize.

Another organizing problem is that a lot of workers won't vote for unions today because they've seen too many workers get their heads cut off by supporting a union. Sometimes, too, unions just don't have the answers to challenge the power structure they're trying to confront. It's one thing to organize workers; it's another thing to win a contract. The union just hasn't come in with innovative or imaginative tactics. Unions have to be able to show workers out there that they have a real vision about the direction society should be going in, toward greater social justice and a better quality of life. I don't think that that vision is out there.

THE REBEL: On the part of current labor leaders?

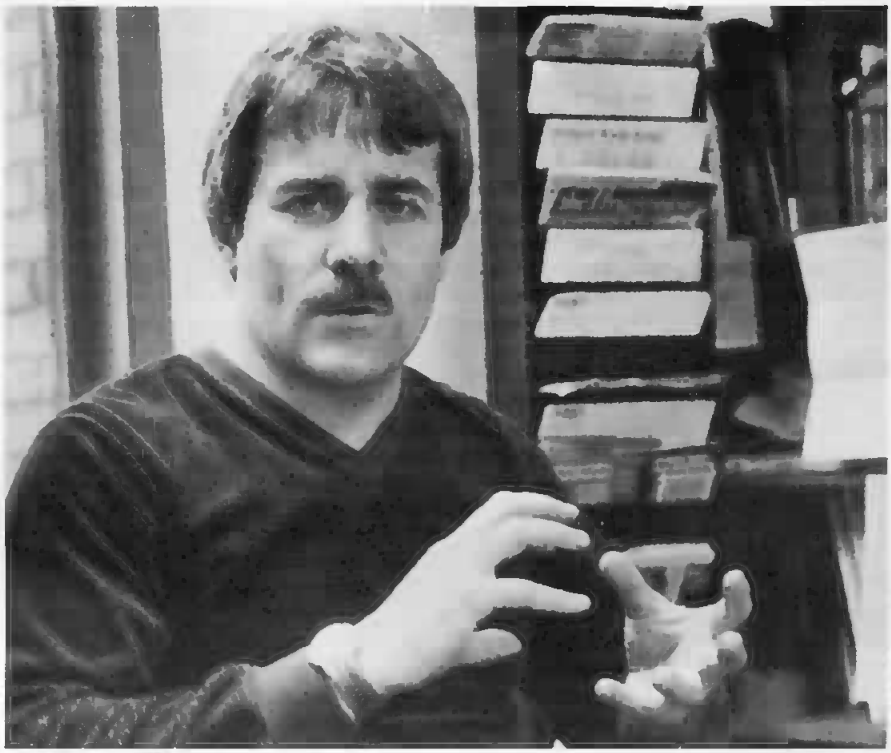
ROGERS: Either it's not there, or it's not communicated. Labor needs leaders with programs that will show it's still a moving force out there fighting for the public interest, fighting for the poor and working peoples' interests. Right now, what you see in terms of their programs too often amounts to paper campaigns, not real challenges to the powers that are creating so many problems for so many people.

THE REBEL: You originated the idea of the "corporate campaign," which resulted in a great labor victory in the fight to unionize J.P. Stevens, the textile giant. Is this one of the real challenges that unions should consider?

ROGERS: Most people don't understand what the concept is really all about. If I were to define "corporate campaign," I would say it's a multifaceted mechanism to confront power with power. The key to a successful corporate campaign is understanding that most of your major companies survive and prosper so long as they maintain a certain constituency or power base. That constituency or power base is made up of management relationships, stock, credit and political relationships. This power structure behind the company can exert tremendous influence, to the point of control, over the labor-relations policy of that company. When we go after companies, we take a look at who their major creditors are, we take a look at who their major shareholders are, and we take a look at all management relationships.

THE REBEL: With what purpose in mind?

ROGERS: You're looking for links to the target company so that you can attack top policymakers within the company where they're far more vulnerable than if you try to take the company head-on. You've got to find out who really makes company policy, and who can influence the policy-making process. So I look at these relationships and find that one of the top policymakers of the company sits on the board of a particular bank, an insurance company, or a company like Coca-Cola, Avon or Anheuser Busch.



PHOTOS BY JOSH MARTIN

Ray Rogers: "Unions have to show they have vision about the direction of society"

THE REBEL: Why those particular companies?

ROGERS: Because these types of companies are very vulnerable to mobilization of public pressure because they deal with a commercial product. Thus, I found that I could impact J.P. Stevens more by challenging its chief executive officer not as the company chairman but as a director of Manufacturer's Hanover Bank or New York Life Insurance Company.

THE REBEL: What gives you the power to challenge them?

ROGERS: A lot of people think the corporate campaign strategy that was so effective against J.P. Stevens was based mostly on the power of union pension funds, but it wasn't. It was based on an analysis of the strengths and weaknesses of the company, and on being able to pinpoint their areas of greatest vulnerability. Then it became an organizational problem, to mobilize pressure on those key vulnerabilities. In other words, you have to have an architect who can lay out a corporate campaign strategy that has a beginning point A and an end point Z. Point Z is total annihilation of your adversary, but you don't want to go that far, because there will be a breaking point, a point of compromise, somewhere *between* A and Z.

What you want to do is create so much economic pressure on your primary adversary that they are forced to deal fairly with the workers, with the public at large, or whoever has a gripe against the corporation. It works in the same way that the corporate sector pits worker against worker, union against union, black against white and young against old. Only we turn the tables on the corporate power structure.

THE REBEL: Wouldn't calling a strike—or threatening to—serve the same purpose?

ROGERS: The confrontation strategy we develop not only considers *all* the traditional tactics—strikes, consumer boycotts, legal and legislative initiatives—but it also makes use of more innovative tactics aimed at disorganizing and dismantling the power structure around your adversary. In these uncertain economic times, a strike is probably the worst thing a union can become involved in. I think a strike should be a strategy of last resort, and it should only be gotten into once you've laid a foundation for a much broader campaign.

I'm very critical of unions that simply get their workers to go out on strike. The unions often don't have any kind of a strategy to then protect those workers. You see this time and time again. You could see it in the Phelps Dodge strike, the Greyhound strike and the Caterpillar Tractor

strike. In each case, the unions depended on traditional tactics for which those companies are well prepared. They simply do not work any more.

THE REBEL: You think they might have done better using alternative means?

ROGERS: Yes. In each one of these situations, there was a corporate type of confrontation strategy which could have opened up totally new avenues, placing tremendous pressure on management, creating a much better balance of power between the workers and the company. I think if union leadership really understood what a corporate campaign strategy was, had a comprehensive analysis of the company and a corporate strategy laid out, a number of these strikes could have been totally avoided. At the worst, they would have been of short duration.

THE REBEL: Do you think unions, or a sizable part of the union leadership today, are intimidated by the thought of undertaking a corporate campaign?

ROGERS: If they are, it's because they simply don't understand it. But good leadership should be looking for every mechanism they can use to best represent the workers. A strike force should be mobilized into an economic and political force. Striking Con Ed workers here in New York, for example, shouldn't confine their pickets to Con Ed buildings. They should take their struggle to the doorsteps of the corporate and financial power brokers who exert incredible influence over Con Ed's policies. They should have said to management, "We're going to take our 18,000 strikers and move against the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. And if that's not enough, then we're going after New York Life Insurance Company." They are major stockholders and they also hold a lot of the long-term debt of Con Ed.

THE REBEL: Exactly how could you get Metropolitan Life to force Con Ed to change its policies?

ROGERS: You would make it costly or unprofitable for Metropolitan Life to continue to lend their support to Con Ed. What we're talking about here is a kind of divide-and-conquer strategy aimed at the corporate financial community, pitting corporation against corporation just as *they* pit worker against worker, union against union. There are quite a number of ways to do this. Metropolitan Life, like any of these big insurance companies, is not an

"Tell workers: 'You've got power' "

inpenetrable bastion of power. They prosper so long as they maintain the support of working people and the organizations that represent them. There are millions of policyholders in these companies, and many of them are union members and unions themselves.

THE REBEL: Could you also threaten to have your legislative allies write new insurance company laws?

ROGERS: You certainly can. That's one of the things we did in the Stevens campaign. We aimed at pushing for restrictive new legislation in New York's mutual savings bank industry. That was one piece of legislation the banks wanted nothing to do with. But it was what we did to the mutual *insurance* industry that finally forced Stevens to sit down and sign a contract with the Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers Union. The insurance companies were the major holders of Stevens' debt. But we found, by studying the insurance laws, a democratic process mandated by law, which had really never been used in the history of these companies: If one tenth of one percent of the policyholders of one of these big insurance companies were simply to sign a petition, an alternate slate of candidates for the board of directors could be run. For the first time in the company's history, they would have to send out ballots listing both slates of candidates to millions of policyholders.

We decided we would run candidates for election to the boards of these companies. The only reason we thought we could pull this off was because we had an issue that was the epic labor struggle in the country at that time. We could rally tremendous support throughout the labor community. And we did. The top officials of New York Life and Stevens were forced to resign from each other's boards. New York Life, of course, said the resignations took place because we were directing a campaign of harassment which would cost the company over six million dollars for ballots. But that's baloney. New York Life could spend six million dollars on *lunch* and wouldn't bat an eyelash. What they really meant to say was that we had discovered a democratic process mandated by law which, if followed, would open a whole Pandora's box of issues the insurance industry didn't want anybody messing around with. We raised the stakes tremendously for the insurance industry, creating a situation in which it was in that industry's interest to put pressure on Stevens to settle with the union. We gave them absolutely no way out.

THE REBEL: Wasn't that strategy—playing corporations against each other—one that Walter Reuther used when he was building the United Auto Workers? He targeted one company, and everyone thought the other auto companies would stand solid with him. But they didn't. They all got greedy.

ROGERS: That's the key for us, just like it is for them: competition.

THE REBEL: Do you also depend to a certain extent on corporate greed?

ROGERS: Oh yes, very much so. You have to understand how to use it against the corporate financial sector. No question about it. If one corporation can make a windfall profit at the expense of another one, they will. The only time they can work together is when they will all benefit from something. That's why we try to develop a divide-and-conquer strategy against them, with the army and the power base to back it up.

THE REBEL: It would stand to reason, on the basis of your success with the J.P. Stevens campaign, that everyone would be using this concept. Yet they don't.

ROGERS: Well, first of all, in terms of the Stevens case, most people today don't really understand what went on—the pressure on Metropolitan Life—that ended the campaign. But what really aggravates me is when I hear union leaders tell their members that the strike is their only real weapon. What workers should be told is, "You've got tremendous power." They have power in building broad-based coalitions, in collective mobilization and deployment of workers' energies, in their bank accounts, their insurance policies, their stock proxies, their pension investments, their votes, and their collective purchasing power.

THE REBEL: Most workers either don't feel that way, or they aren't aware of that. Why not?

ROGERS: Because much of your labor leadership doesn't look at the overall picture. But you don't have to be a genius to do that. People seem to think I'm a real whiz at economics and management relationships, but I never took a course in either subject when I was in school. It's just in-depth analysis and common sense. Much union leadership just doesn't think in strategic terms. They have tunnel vision. Many labor leaders figure: "It worked before, it's got to work now." It keeps on not working, yet they keep doing the same thing. So you simply have to begin looking for other answers. For example, labor leaders talk about organizing, about building up a power base through organization. But I say you can also build power through *dis*organization. You have to understand how to disorganize the existing patterns of power out there, and develop new patterns of power more directly aligned to humanitarian interests. We're not just talking about pitting one part of corporate America against another; I'm talking about breaking up certain patterns and creating new patterns that are more directly aligned to the interests of poor and working people and the public at large.

THE REBEL: What about the trend of putting union leaders on corporate boards?

ROGERS: I don't have a problem with having worker representatives on the boards of companies. But I don't think it's a good idea to have union officials on those boards. I think you get into a situation where one begins to raise the conflict-of-interest issue. Even United Auto Workers President Doug Fraser—who was placed on the board at Chrysler—had to leave the room when a number of major decisions were made that might impact the union or the workers. But I can't think of any reason why a representative of the workers, maybe even an elected representative, couldn't serve that particular function. One thing I should add is that union representation on boards usually occurs only when the company finds itself in dire straights. Everyone starts crying socialism, but it should be called "lemon socialism." The only time the workers are allowed to take control is when the thing is already a dead issue and you know it's not going anywhere.

THE REBEL: Like those closed steel mills in the Midwest?

ROGERS: Exactly. And the workers get blamed if the industry fails, as if they were the ones who made the bad decisions. I think we need people on the boards of the big financial institutions far more than on the boards of corporations, because the big financial institutions are at the center of the web of corporate power, through their interlocking directorates, stock ownerships and loans. They feed, strengthen and give power to every sector of corporate America, including the multinationals, and each other.

Union representation on boards usually occurs only when the company is in dire straits

THE REBEL: Do you think there is collusion among multinationals to union-bust?

ROGERS: I don't think there's any question about it. There's collusion in the corporate and financial sector, between corporations and major financial institutions, or one corporation and another corporation, to break the unions.

THE REBEL: So there's no reason to confine labor's response to national boundaries.

ROGERS: None at all.

THE REBEL: How can unions fight back internationally?

ROGERS: There are two things you have to consider. You have to think long-term, about how unions and workers can take back power that has been stolen from them, gaining greater influence and control over the flow of investment capital. This is true for the U.S. and throughout the world, since American financial institutions have tremendous impact abroad. The other thing is devising the strategy to employ corporate campaigns, which address themselves to real problems that workers are facing today. You have to divide and conquer the corporate power structure around the world in much the same way they have divided and conquered poor and working people around the world.

THE REBEL: Do you see any signs of a new labor consciousness among American workers?

ROGERS: I think people are becoming more aware of the corporate strategy in fighting for their rights. Even if they don't fully understand it, they realize it's a weapon that could turn the balance of power more in their favor. It disturbs me, though, that some of the unions that claim to run corporate campaigns haven't really planned out their actions with a real beginning or end. Many of these groups react to a crisis situation in a way that serves to bolster the strength of their opposition. If you don't have a planned strategy that takes you from a defensive position and places you on the *offensive*, you're not going to be any better off than before you started. While there are more converts to some of the ideas we have developed, it'll take time before we can get the type of backing we really need to mount an effective challenge to the corporate/financial power structure.

THE REBEL: What's the outlook for later, then?

ROGERS: If labor continues putting all their eggs in one basket, if they continue to move in the same direction they have always moved, I wouldn't have a very optimistic outlook. On the other hand, a lot of people are talking about how unions are becoming unnecessary or irrelevant. But unions exist to serve a real need, and as long as that need exists there will be unions. How strong they'll be is another question. If union leadership doesn't begin to respond to the crisis at hand, if people don't get the answers they're looking for, they're going to seek new leaders. The workers are suffering now, and they want answers now. ■

ANTHONY BLACKMAR

500 kilos of marijuana being counted, tested and bundled

The Florida Keys Drug Trade

Drug traffic is a way of life in the Keys. It is colorful, lawless, profitable and dangerous

By John Cummings

Stan Becker is a marine biologist who left his home in Brooklyn one day about 20 years ago because he was fed up with city life. He settled in the Florida Keys, a decision he has never regretted, though economic times are tough there if you don't run drugs or work for someone who does.

He is one of the local outcasts who won't support his local drug dealer by allowing dopers to use his house for storage.

Becker sat back and reflected on the drug scene. He said he cared not one whit whether the local traffickers thrived or starved. He said it might not be a bad idea if they killed each other off.

Asked if the drug scene did not diminish, ever so slightly, his love for his adopted home, Becker replied: "No, part of the charm of this place is its lawlessness."

Jim opened the door of the ginmill and quickly removed his glasses as he stepped out of the blinding sun. The darkness of the barroom enveloped its patrons like a shroud. They seemed at first only apparitions, their movements exaggerated in the darkness amidst the stench of rotting wood and stale beer.

Willie Nelson wailed from the juke box wedged into the corner next to the unused pool table. A girl, her eyes glazed and her face pocked with pimples, weaved and swayed to the music. Another girl wore a long shirt that barely edged over her bikini-clad bottom. On the front of the shirt were emblazoned the words: "SMOKE FLORIDA SEAFOOD."

Jim sat down at the bar and waved at the pimpled girl teetering on the nearby stool. She tried to focus her eyes as she gazed at him and yelled: "You don't look pussy-whipped. . . ." Then she lapsed back into semi-consciousness.

Jim smiled and looked away. "They're just like the women who sailed with the pirates," he said, "all hags and wenches. The only difference is these cunts have more teeth."

The man sitting next to her seemed equally oblivious. He wore just shorts and a pair of moccasins. Only one man in the place wore a shirt and it, too, had a message: "Smuggling isn't just a job, it's an adventure."

At a nearby booth, a supine figure lay motionless on the torn leather seat, a resting place he shared with the cockroaches. His shoes rested on the table along with an array of empty liquor and beer bottles.

This was it. The social center, the meeting place, the rendezvous—one of several in the Florida Keys. A retreat for the "dopers" where the drug traffickers gather, socialize and plot. "They only talk about three things," Jim said, "booze, dope and pussy."

The people in the Florida Keys wear less clothing, but it's not because they have less to hide. Jim has more to hide than most. Much more.

You'll rarely see a tourist in this barroom, even though busy U.S. Highway 1 passes by the front door. If one wanders in, he doesn't stay long. Anyone who is not part of the "Bubba system" isn't welcome and he quickly feels it.

The system is an interconnecting work of cronyism, some of it familial, a lot of it "old boy network," that protects the dopers. Its members run together like the schools of fish out on the reefs. Many of the people in the Keys belong to it even if they aren't traffickers. Failure to take part can result in social ostracism—or worse. And while drug trafficking is wide open, and easy to spot for anyone with eyes because of the way it permeates the Keys'

Weighing and packaging marijuana

culture, identifying its inner circle is far from easy. Just ask the feds!

A barmaid with shoulder-length red curls, which made her look younger than she really was, spoke openly of her decision to give up teaching at a local school. She does not, at first blush, seem to fit into the system, but she has learned where the power and the money is to be found, and that's aboard those large boats that appear offshore at night with their loads of green leaf from Colombia.

The barmaid, petite and with slender body and eyes that mark her apart from the "hags and wenches," has a master's degree. But, she said, that won't pay her bills. So she plans to quit teaching (a good teacher's salary here is $15,000) and tend bar by day and "scan" at night. Scanning means simply sitting at home and monitoring the police and Coast Guard radio frequencies and then phoning whoever has hired you, when—or if—his name or his boat's name is mentioned or becomes a topic of conversation with the Coast Guard or the Florida Marine Patrol.

"I'm tired of being poor and I can be at home with my kids," she said. "The pay is real good." "Real good" is $100 or more a night. That makes her part of the system, albeit a small one. But if she's ever arrested, which is unlikely, "Big Bubba" will provide a lawyer, and even a babysitter — if she keeps her mouth shut.

"Bubba" literally means brother and is a term you hear everywhere throughout the Keys. "Which way do yo' do, Bubba?" is a common greeting from the "Conches," which is what the natives call themselves. Most of them, even in the Conch community hierarchy, have nicknames like "Grits," "Grunts," "Jewfish," and "Muma."

In Key West, and elsewhere throughout the chain of tropical islands formally called Monroe Country, Florida, the brotherhood traces itself back from the renegade salvagers that built Key West to the rum runners of Prohibition, who, in their own time, ruled the Keys. Then, as today, if they don't know you they don't trust you. Strangers, and tourists, are tolerated, nothing more.

It is a place where a fire chief named Bud Farto, a man who literally wore rose-colored glasses, once swapped cocaine for jewelry. It was a wonderful bartering system until he learned the men he was trading with were undercover state investigators. Farto just disappeared one day. He rented a car after he was convicted in 1976 and drove to Miami, where the car was found abandoned in the city's "Little Havana." There was no sign of Farto. Some say he is living in Costa Rica. Others say he is dead. No one knows for sure.

During Farto's trial, he was defended by the biggest Bubba of them all: former Key West City Manager Manny James, who is the stepson of the Key West police chief and the close friend of the city's political

FAIRALL PICTURE GROUP

Fishing boats are the linchpin of the drug trade in the Keys

elite. One of those politicos was a close friend of Harry Truman, who made his winter home in Key West while he occupied the White House.

James was indicated in what became known as "Operation Sunburn," a federal investigation in which new defendants were named last fall. James was convicted in 1981 of one count of conspiracy as part of a major marijuana operation that the indictment says existed from 1977 to 1981 and which some say is still in operation today.

In any case, the system goes on. Like the hydra-headed monster, when one head is severed, nine grow back in its place. The drugs flow in. Prostitution and gambling, or *bolita*, as the Cubans call it, flourish. They flourish, it is said, not because the police protect it, but because the police operate it.

Jim, who bragged that he once made and spent $750,000 (tax free, of course) in one year as a doper running his own organization, has worked all over Florida. At one time, he said, his drug operations were financed by a syndicate of doctors and lawyers from the Midwest, people who are always looking for places to put their excess cash.

It's been an eternity in a subjective time sense from the time when Jim ran his own organization.

"I had a big motel on _____ Island, along the oceanfront," he said. "The planes would drop the bales into the ocean and my guys would retrieve them in their fishing boats. It was a good operation. It's damn tough to get search warrants for 100 motel rooms . . .

"I thought St. Lucie and Martin Counties were wide open; I had most of the cops on my payroll in one area. But I've never seen anything like the Keys. Everyone is into it here."

And who is everyone?

"Commercial fishermen, businessmen, lawyers, doctors, you name it," he said. Jim, who keeps alive mainly by his wits, has been involved for years in the growing American entrepreneurial pastime of drug running. It goes on just about everywhere. But Monroe County, to Jim, is Drug County, U.S.A.

As many as 250 boats, the largest commercial fishing fleet in the U.S., work the shrimping grounds at the Tortugas west of the Keys. Many of these boats are the linchpin of the interconnecting drug supply system that owns the night when the contraband is moved on the still waters where the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean meet.

They produce a cash flow and it flows in the millions, the hundreds of millions. You would never know, to look at them, that the people Jim deals with carry rolls of hundred-dollar bills.

J.J. Mateer, who heads the Drug Enforcement Administration office in Marathon, one of the few population centers of the Keys, said: "In Miami, the drug people drive Mercedes and wear Gucci shoes. Here, they drive pickups and go barefoot."

Jim poured the bottle of beer the barmaid had placed in front of him. Anyone counting Jim's drinks would have wondered how he still was able to talk, much less walk. He had said dopers drink a lot. He had started the day with beer, switched to rum and orange juice, then to coffee with Kahlua with lunch, and now back to beer.

Jim hangs out with the drug crowd, runs their loads of "square grouper" in on their fishing boats from the mother ships; sleeps with their women and goes to their barbecues that often turn into drug orgies, orgies where the men "rub the cocaine on their cocks to deaden the feeling and keep going."

"They keep their women in endless ectasy," Jim said. "They go crazy."

He knows where they live, work, what houses they are maintaining for their girlfriends, and which houses are "stash pads" for the tons of grass awaiting shipment north. He has become very much a part of the Bubba system, which sometimes allows an outsider with the right background and vernacular into the closed society. They had checked him out—or so

they thought.

Though he seems to fit right in, he is not one of them. He really works for the government.

He is an informant!

An informant for the feds, who for many years ignored the Keys; a snitch; a stoolie, as they called them in the old Cagney movies. He earns $500 to $600 a week working for the DEA in the "Dodge City" of the Keys. Jim looks over his shoulder a lot, but he says it takes no particular talent to live in both worlds.

"You just need 50-pound balls."

Jim's link to the DEA is limited by necessity to an occasional phone call to a special number or to a money drop carefully arranged in advance. He and his "control" never meet until a deal goes down. When he needs to be debriefed, an excuse is found for Jim to leave town.

It has to be that way if he is to stay alive. Jim works the "legal" side of the street now because, like most informants, it is that or prison. He was caught and identified as a top class violator and he was given the choice of "rolling over" and informing, or doing some heavy time in a federal prison.

Jim looks much younger than his 39 years because he dresses in mod styles to appear that way. And, being free to do "my thing," he can run with the dopers and hunt with the feds in sunshine near azure blue water. He has a son he rarely sees, and lives from day to day. Jim freely admits he is a man with no future. On one side the feds are waiting to put him in jail if he fouls up. On the other hand, if the doper gets wise to him, he will become crab bait.

His informant fees, Jim said, give him just enough to live on. In the few months he has been working in the Keys he has managed to lure some unsuspecting dopers he drinks with closer to the nets of waiting federal agents posing as "buyers."

Jim's immediate target is a local businessman, a man with a boat and an airplane who brings in multi-ton loads of "square grouper" each year. Jim expected him to walk into the bar any minute. As he drank his beer, Jim kept eyeing the patrons and waiting for his man to arrive. A big shipment was in the works.

As Jim watched, he looked across the bar at a mustachioed man with a giant tattoo on his right bicep. "He just got out of prison," Jim said, nodding at the bald-headed man. "He tried to lean on me a couple of weeks ago. He's a mean mother . . . works for one of the fisherman, does a lot of heavy lifting . . . you know, bales."

Though he is part of the system now, to some Jim still still an outsider—and he's still watched. In the Keys, you're only a true Conch if you're born there. It's a lot like Sicily.

The door opened and the man Jim had been waiting for walked in dressed in slacks, a sport shirt and wing-tipped shoes. His face bore the wrinkles of years at sea under a tropical sun. His skin hung loosely under his chin. His wiry body was lean and, like his eyes, hard to the touch as he shook hands all around. Jim, out of the old man's hearing, calls him "alligator face." He put his arm around Jim's shoulder, like a father would a son. What future each of them has is closely intertwined with the other.

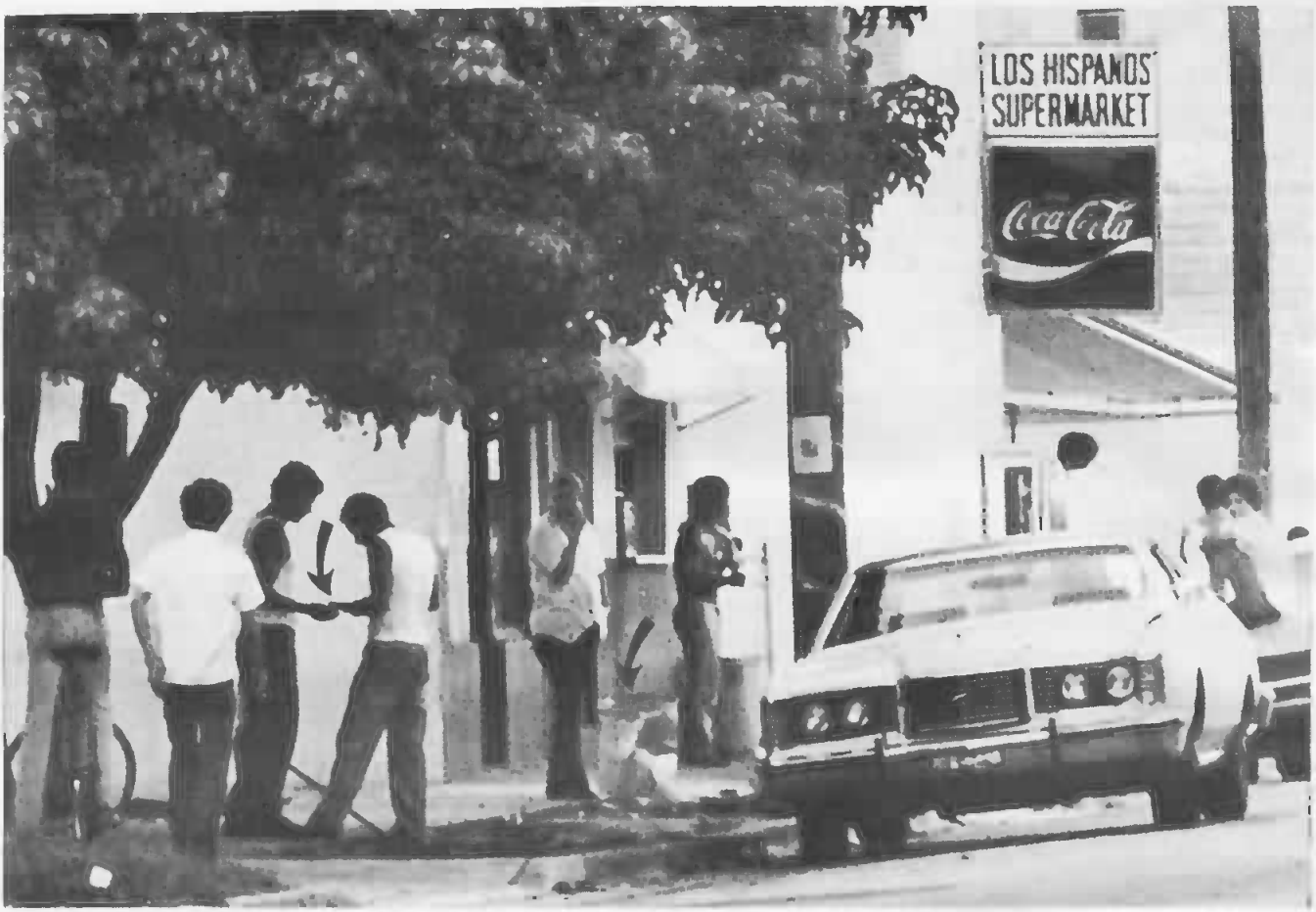
The old man is a major drug dealer with outlets as far north as Michigan. He thinks Jim is a man with big money contacts, anxious and ready to buy. At some point, Jim said, there's only two ways it can go: "Alligator Face" will be in handcuffs or Jim will be chopped up for crab bait.

Jim stepped into the car parked in the back of the bar and wound down a window. The sun had turned the interior into an inferno. It would take the air conditioner 15 minutes to cool it off.

"Alligator Face" had told Jim to be at his house after dark. Some good news to spread around, the old man had said, along with some ribs and chicken, some coke and some women to screw. Jim braced himself. "They love to be just plain folks. They love their barbecues." He turned left off the

BRUCE PICTURE GROUP

One drug deal is stopped; nine more are not



Drugs and money are exchanged; the stash is kept in the garbage can

highway.

When his passenger remarked that the old man really seemed to trust Jim, he nodded his head. Jim said the old man had told him once that "Heck, you don't have to show no money." What that means, Jim said, is "If I fuck up, he shoots me first."

He said the old man wanted him to go to Colombia with his pilot to pick up a big shipment of cocaine. "I'll take you by the airfield, they're fixing it up now. But I don't want to take too long with you, though, they watch me pretty good."

He said most of the drug deals were consummated initially in Miami. The old man has a house there and the Colombians fly into Miami for meets and they seal everything with drinks on the back porch. "The old man spends most of his money on broads, young ones, booze and 'toys'—big cars. He owned a used-car place in Miami."

At his house in the Keys there are six cars parked in his driveway: two Ferraris, a Mercedes, a Cord and two Maseratis. Estimated value: $750,000. In the Keys, he poses as a real estate man. "Not a bad living for a depressed market, eh?" Jim said. The house sits on a quiet road not far from the bar and the airfield where his plane is kept.

Jim turned left into a dead end street. It was obvious that someone was looking at the car intently from a front yard. "That's old Bill, he worries a lot," Jim said of the man, whom he identified as a business partner of the old man. Jim saw his pickup truck parked near a row of garden apartments. "If he's in this end of town, he must be up to no good."

Jim seemed to talk compulsively now. Maybe the booze was catching up with him. He laughed and talked about making the rendezvous at sea. "Sometimes you go to the wrong mother ship; boy, is that ever fun."

Sometimes, he said, they had to wait all day at sea and do some actual fishing to make it look good. "I hate cleaning fish, those boats smell like a whorehouse. Most of the time we just drink."

Suddenly, Jim pulled the car to the side of the road and got out. "I'll call you in the a.m., don't do anything until you hear from me." It was almost dusk and Jim vanished into the nearby brush.

It was almost midday when Jim walked into the restaurant. It had been a big night, a big party. "He had 80 pounds of ribs and 20 chickens cooking when I got to the house," Jim said. "Alligator Face loves playing host." There was plenty of booze and cocaine to entertain the women who were there. "We had 'em screaming," he said. "We all got fucked silly."

The old man's partner had been there and he had made a big score: multi-K (kilos) shipment of coke had been purchased and he had some "samples."

"I got myself a real Class I violator. They had over $1 million in cash there last night. I helped wrap it. It was more than $200,000 in 20s," he said. Jim always carries money wrappers with him; it's a system of identification in the trade.

"It was like a Viking scene, sitting there in the sand, rib in one hand, sauce all over the other and piles of 50 and 100s between my knees. It took us four hours to wrap it all. And that's just a down payment."

Jim said he had already reported his evening's activities, or most of them, to the feds.

"It's going to take some time before all the stuff arrives, but I said my people were ready to deal," Jim said, sipping his Kahlua and coffee. "The problem is the agents would like to get them all, but we'll probably have to settle for Alligator Face. The feds just don't have the time and money. That's the way it goes, grab one for the headlines. Then the whole machine keeps right on going."

Once, when Mahatma Gandhi was asked what he thought of Western civilization, he replied that he thought it would be a good idea. Ask the Conches what they think of law enforcement and you'll get the same answer. It's been that

way since the pirates sailed the Florida straits between the Keys and Cuba.

Carl is a state law enforcement officer. He stood near the pier and pointed to a shrimp boat tied to the dock. A man was leaning back against a railing, smoking his pipe.

"That bastard," said Carl pointing at the man, "has been busted by me three times and his boat seized twice. Twice he bought it back when the Coast Guard auctioned it off." Even an untrained eye could see marijuana residue on the deck. Carl is a man who has truly learned the meaning of frustration in what passes for drug law enforcement in the Keys. Arrest, at least by the locals, is rare, prosecution remote and conviction almost impossible. "They just don't convict their own."

Carl said things have changed little despite an exposé nearly three years ago by the *Miami Herald* that forced the local prosecutor to resign because of his poor, almost nonexistent, record of drug prosecution.

Carl estimates that a large segment of the Key West fishermen are part of the system: most because they want the money, others because they fear reprisal if they don't take part. "They can make as much as $80,000 to $100,000 for a night's work," Carl said. "They won't find that much shrimp in a year." One of the boats seized recently belonged to the brother of a county commissioner, who was on board when it was seized. "That's what you're

"You don't understand—when you paid me for the mantra, you only bought the first North American serial rights."

BRUCE PICTURE GROUP

Another drug bust

up against."

Jerome Sanford, who was chief federal drug prosecutor in Southern Florida for three years, said that his experience with these cases showed that a drug trafficker's overhead runs about $200,000 a boatload. During one case he prosecuted, a deck hand testified that he and other hands were paid $4,000 to $5,000 apiece, as were each of the people who helped unload. He said the captain received $60,000 and the owner, if he was in on it, probably got $80,000. Then another $4,000 to $5,000 had to be added in for fuel and supplies, and $5,000 each for drivers to truck the load northward along U.S. 1.

But Carl said that what most people don't realize, despite the federal "task force" now operating here with all its attendant publicity about seizures, is one fact: after midnight, any night, the smugglers have the sea to themselves. The Coast Guard is using its craft to bottle up the Windward Passage between Cuba and Haiti and the Yucatan Channel between Cuba and Mexico.

"After 5 p.m., there are no Coast Guard in the straits (between Cuba and the Keys) and the last Florida Marine Patrol boats quit at midnight." From then until sunrise the sea belongs to the smugglers. "There's no interdiction at all."

Then, he pointed to another trawler pulling away from the dock. It had four Cubans in its crew, which roused Carl's suspicions. "When you got Cubans, you got a dope run going," he said. "Otherwise they'd just be whites and niggers on board."

There is a large Cuban expatriate colony in Key West. Unlike the post-Castro exiles in Miami, their roots in the Keys go back almost 100 years. Like the Conches, they're part of the Bubba system.

But most of the Cubans in the trade didn't start out to be smugglers. They were schooled. They got expert training, though unintended help, from the U.S. Government, the same government that is spending millions trying to put them out of business.

The CIA trained the Cubans in the early 60s for a "war" against Fidel Castro, trained them to bring boats quietly into coves or to rendézvous on unfriendly coasts and make surreptitious transfers at sea.

William (Rip) Robertson was a legendary CIA operative who landed at the Bay of Pigs with the Cuban exiles forces in 1961 in violation of President Kennedy's orders that no Americans go ashore. Robertson, who died in 1970, once remarked that the craft of intelligence and smuggling were very similar. "If you're a good field agent, there's no trick to turning what you have learned to smuggling. We trained a lot of smugglers, though that wasn't what we had in mind at the time," he said.

Nick Navarro is a Cuban exile who knows the Keys as well as anyone. Today, he is head of the organized crime bureau of the Broward County Florida sheriff's office. Recently, he himself required police protection because of threats against his life by Colombian drug runners.

During the 1960s, he worked undercover in Key West for the Florida Department of Law Enforcement. So did Jack Key, a former state agent, who was born and raised in Key West. Both know firsthand how the Bubba system works.

Navarro's work in the Keys dealt with exposing gambling operations, rings that deal in *bolita*, or numbers. Key, in recalling his boyhood days in Key West, said he always picked up his *bolita* ticket with his groceries.

"It wasn't until I left Key West that I realized it was illegal," Key said. He said that one of the big problems for an outsider working in the Keys is, of course, the system. "One of the big problems is surveillance," Key said. "Key West and the other towns are small places. I remember when I was a kid there, you could spot a stranger right away. Everyone knows everyone else and you can't park and observe a house without someone noticing it immediately."

Navarro spent many nights sweating in 110-degree heat inside a panel truck, wacthing certain houses and clubs, their gaming operations and their couriers.

"It really got out of hand," Navarro recalled. "The police were bought off and they figured it really didn't matter. They figured everyone was going to gamble anyway, so they took the money and kept

their mouths shut. Except it didn't end there. Then, drugs started coming in and when the cops said 'wait a minute, that's not part of the deal," it was too late. They had taken that first payment, that first dollar and they couldn't pick and choose anymore, because they had been bought."

After the gambling arrests, a lot of Cuban defendants were furious when they discovered that Navarro was a Cuban. "They kept saying 'why are you doing this?—you are one of us.' "

Key remembers that time too. "I sat down and I talked with the politicians and I told them they were much too lax with their law enforcement, especially gambling and prostitution. I told them to clean up their own house or the feds would do it," he said. "But the politicians said they didn't see anything wrong with 'a little vice.' "

Now the feds have moved in. The DEA has opened an office in the town of Marathon and Mateer, the DEA officer in charge, said it was quite an experience for him. He met the problem face-to-face. One day, as Mateer was getting out of his car with nothing on his mind but his shopping list, a man walked up to him and yelled: "When am I going to be indicted? You're following me, aren't you? I know who you are."

Mateer, who in fact had assigned his men to follow the man, said it was a first for him. "Anyplace else, I would have expected the guy to stick a knife in my ribs, but he just walked away," Mateer said.

Mateer also revealed something else interesting—interesting, but not necessarily surprising. Local police records, especially records dealing with prominent people, often disappear.

"When I asked for records on certain people, they were not to be found," Mateer said. "Either the officer involved took them home with him, or what 'records' remain are locked up inside an individual officer's head. Nothing, it seems is ever committed to paper. And if you're lucky enough to find the officer, he never remembers anything. It's an odd place."

The DEA did not have a resident agent here until two years ago when Mateer arrived. He now maintains a small, fortress-style office in a local shopping center. Its windows have bars to keep intruders out.

Mateer called in Jim (who arrived on a Greyhound bus carrying a laundry bag), showed him some photos of local targets, a list of bars and turned Jim loose. Jim "chummed" the waters with a few $100 bills and the sharks took the bait.

On a hot Sunday afternoon in April 1982, the feds shut down U.S. 1 where it hits the mainland near Florida City, south of Miami. The aim was to shake down cars for contraband drugs and illegal aliens. Few of either were found that day. But a lot of tempers and radiators boiled over as cars backed up for 20 miles back toward the Keys.

What made it a farce was that local radio stations were on the air before the blockade started, telling anyone listening what was about to happen. A week later in Key West, a formal "secession" from the U.S. was declared and the "Conch Republic" was born. No one in Washington took it too seriously, but in Key West you remove your hat when it's mentioned.

The Conches, of course, have always considered themselves apart from the U.S., for geographical reasons if nothing else. Randy Ludacer, a local attorney who does not share his neighbors' desire for "sovereignty" and a lawless state, says Conches do not want any law enforcement "that affects their pursuits. They do, of course, want a police force that will arrest hippies and burglars."

When the feds came and arrested "Big Bubba" Manny James as part of "Operation Sunburn," a lot of others were stung, too. One was Karen, who never started out to be in the drug business.

Karen was "invited" in by her local "chamber of commerce" rep, who came knocking one day at her door. Karen's story underlines, if any underlining is necessary, the pervasiveness of the drug business in Monroe Country.

She moved to the lower Keys in the mid-1960s with the plan of opening a small

Informants are the key to drug busts

insurance business. She bought a house and a boat with her savings. "I truly believed I had found paradise and I was going to live a plain old normal life."

That was in the beginning.

Karen appears young. From a distance her blonde hair and shapely body remind you of a high school cheerleader. That is, until you look into her blue eyes. You can see the hardness and the pain. She has never been a user, she said, and her eyes and her flawless skin, and lack of needle marks, would appear to support that statement.

Things just changed one day, the day she said a local businessman, active in politics, knocked at her door. But he was not seeking funds for the fire department volunteers or selling Girl Scout cookies. "it was clear he had checked me out first," she said.

"He said straight out that I had a house that he could use and he wanted to know if I was willing to rent my boat. 'Storage' was the way he put it. He didn't have to draw pictures. If you live there very long, you know what's going on."

The way Karen tells it, she was told she could take a vacation and move out of her house for two weeks and leave her home to the dopers to store their loads of marijuana bales.

For the use of the house, she would be paid $10,000 plus any "vacation expenses" she might accrue. If she stayed, she was to get $5,000 more, but guards would be placed in the house to guard the contraband. (When they did arrive, they both had machine guns and never allowed her to leave the house.)

She said at first she was not interested. But she said her caller came back several times and the last time told her that things could be rough for her if she didn't go along. Not only would she lose her business, because she would not be patronized, but she would be a social outcast with no friends in the community. "This is the way it is," she said, "if you want to be part of the community."

Karen said she is not a "joiner," but she said she went along because she was convinced that it was either that or leave the Keys forever. This became more obvious to her later, she said, when she was helping unload boats and sheriff's deputies were on hand to make sure that no one bothered the unloading crew.

"They were at all the unloadings and they explained it away to me that this was a business and they had families to support," she said. "It was like delivering milk."

She said she was told that if she was ever arrested, a lawyer would be provided and she would have nothing to worry about. It was explained, she said, that some people "had to take busts, otherwise it didn't look right." She never figured her turn would come.

It became, she said, "a very dirty and dangerous business." She allowed the traffickers to use her house and they took every inch of it, pushing the furniture up against the wall and leaving only her bed where it was. The men assigned to watch the bales, she said, were two Cubans armed with submachine guns who stayed in the house around the clock and followed her everyplace except to the bathroom.

The only other "community activity" she was called on to perform was unloading. "It's like a fire brigade running from the boat to the shore with everyone passing the bales." She said practically every house in the lower keys is used that way, but not always with the owners' knowledge. Sometimes they use abandoned houses, or caretakers permit it when the owners are away. "But most people go along," she said. "A lot of them are retired and they can use the money."

Then one day it came her turn "to take a bust." But it was a federal arrest that the locals couldn't fix. It was then that she learned her lover was a federal informant, like Jim. "He lived with me and slept with me and said he wanted to marry me," Karen said. And after she was arrested she said he offered to pay her bail with the federal reward he had received.

"It was then that I realized what a head case I was dealing with," she said. She ended up doing federal time, she said, and now she can't go back to the Keys for two reasons: her probation forbids it (she now lives in Georgia) and she's afraid of what might happen if she does.

"I haven't told them [the feds] anything. But I'm not sure that anyone will believe me." She too fears becoming crab bait. ■

***John Cummings is an investigative reporter for* Newsday *in Long Island, New York and is a frequent contributor to* The Rebel.**

A'K SCHNEIDER

"I look at this way, Arch . . . if this country can live beyond its means, so can yours truly!"

Democratic National Convention seems to have given the FBI the green light to once again hound radical political organizations

Police Surveillance of the 1984 Democratic National Convention

The FBI, the CIA and the Secret Service have elaborate plans for the Democrats in 1984

By John Ross

The nation's top security agencies are cranking up their intelligence-gathering capabilities in preparation for the Democratic National Convention, set for San Francisco's bunker-like Moscone Center July 16 through 19. For many of these agencies, the step-up in surveillance of dissident groups who represent a potential disruptive threat to the convention will be a shakedown for the Olympics in Los Angeles, which begin just nine days after the close of the Democrats' conclave.

"We are well aware of the similarities that exist in this area in preparing for the two events," Commander Bill Rathburn, who heads up the Olympic Planning Committee for the Los Angeles Police Department, recently told *The Rebel*. "We will be watching the convention closely to see how well the security agencies interface." Moreover, the LAPD will share with San Francisco and convention authorities intelligence developed by such agencies as the FBI, the Secret Service, and the Central Intelligence Agency about possible disruptive elements that may be on the West Coast during July, Rathburn said.

Up in Northern California, the Democratic National Convention seems to have given the FBI the green light to, once again, hound radical political organizations. Of late, San Francisco field agents have been paying "courtesy" calls to exiled Salvadoran supporters of rebel factions in that beleaguered Central American nation. FBI informants have also been regular attendees at important meetings of the Livermore Action Group, the sponsoring organization for the huge spring mobilizations at Livermore National Laboratories, where much of the nation's nuclear weapons research is carried out.

According to information received from one San Francisco Salvadoran rebel partisan who prefers not to be named, the opening of Democratic National Front (FDR) offices on San Francisco's Market Street—the city's most prominent downtown boulevard—has occasioned phone calls and visits from field agents who appear to be checking out the premises. "This hasn't happened to us for a long time," he told *The Rebel* while standing watch at a pre-Christmas vigil outside the San Francisco Federal Building. "We think it must have to do with the Democratic convention."

Similarly, FBI investigative warm-ups for the Democratic National Convention include the use of trained informants to infiltrate strategy-planning meetings of Bay Area activist organizations. According to documents recently released under the Freedom of Information Act, the FBI began sending informants to Livermore Action Group meetings as early as last winter when LAG and the Vandenberg Action Group were locked in a heated debate that eventually led to the split-up of the two direct-action organizations. Again, this past July, Naval Intelligence informants

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Sara Moore is wrestled to the ground after firing a shot a President Gerald Ford when he left the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco

were sent into planning sessions for a combined LAG-CISPES (Committees in Solidarity with the Peoples of El Salvador) action at the Concord Naval Weapons Station near Port Chicago, from whence arms are frequently shipped to the Salvadoran military. The information was subsequently turned over to the FBI, the F.O.I. documentation indicates. "Our meetings are always open. We can't keep their informants out," LAG's Ed Gurman told *The Rebel*. "But we know now, without a doubt, that the FBI is watching us very closely."

"I can't comment on whether or not we're monitoring groups that potentially could be disruptive at the convention," John Holford, San Francisco FBI public information officer, hedged to *The Rebel*, "but if something comes to our attention and it's pertinent, we'll turn that information over to the convention security people." Holford reluctantly admits that these days, the FBI's best pipeline to "something pertinent" comes through the use of volunteer and paid informants.

Since 1976, restrictions have been in place on the FBI's use of unauthorized electronic surveillance, surreptitious entries, and outright interference in the functioning of legal organizations, as exemplified by its notorious COINTELPRO operations of the late '60s. Nonetheless, guidelines promulgated by the Reagan Administration last March have opened up enough gray areas that rules could be twisted to fit the needs of enterprising field agents, thinks Jack Briley, who is on the staff of Rep. Don Edwards' (D-California) FBI Oversight Committee. What new guidelines translate out to is a resurgence in the use of political informants.

"Apparently, the guidelines issued by the Attorney General last spring once again allow the use of informants to attend political meetings and take notes. The use of such informants—their recruitment and training—raises serious questions for civil libertarians," Briley told *The Rebel* in an interview from Washington last week.

Another federal security agency with an urgent interest in preparing for the July convention is the Secret Service. Although the Secret Service's role at the DNC is focused on the protection of candidates, the agency has a certain preoccupation with crowds of demonstrators. "Our concern is that a large crowd of protesters could mask a potential assassin," Richard McDrew, agent in charge of the San Francisco office, explained to *The Rebel*. "We're going to take a hard look at the

AP WIDE WORLD

Sara Jane Moore

AP WIDE WORLD

U.S. Park Service employees put barricades in front of the White House recently in an effort to deter terrorist car bombings

makeup of each group of demonstrators to make sure there isn't someone in it who might want to throw a hand grenade. And we're going to keep these groups far enough away from the convention center to prevent this sort of thing from happening."

Secret Service agents are working closely with convention security officials and the San Francisco police to head off potential disruptions at the Democrats' get-together. Some $75,000 worth of security modifications on the Moscone Center are presently being blueprinted, and much more is expected to be budgeted before the convention comes to town.

To head off the possibility of demonstrators storming the Moscone Center, it is anticipated that dissidents will get no closer to the delegates than a huge parking lot across the street. "We will allow demonstrators to express their point of view within sight of the hall," Richard Murphy, chief of security for the past three Democratic conventions, told *The Rebel* from his Virginia offices last week. "Security forces will give demonstrators information on how best to get their point of view across. Our main priority is to prevent violence—violence will be dealt with swiftly and effectively, I guarantee you that. Our second goal is to prevent physical disruption of the convention. Demonstrators will not prevent people from going to work."

"If people demonstrate where they're not supposed to," adds the Secret Service's McDrew, "they're going to be arrested."

In a concerted effort to both protect candidates and prevent a possible replay of the 1968 Democratic convention which paralyzed Chicago, the city of San Francisco has committed itself to spending $3.5 million (with another million in contingency reserve) to pay for the services of thousands of San Francisco and Bay Area cops who will stand 24-hour guard at the convention center and the Hilton headquarters hotel for the three days the delegates are doing their business. The security sum represents nearly one-half of the $7.5 million the city has budgeted for the convention, but even that total pales compared to the $15 million security tab Los Angeles will foot to provide for Olympics security.

Capt. Kevin Mullen, coordinator of San Francisco's security forces, is working closely with the FBI and the Secret Service to identify potentially disruptive demonstrators. "If our intelligence on the street picks up a leaflet, we will check it through with other agencies and then we'll call the the number listed to see if we can schedule-in their demonstration." Both Mullen and Murphy hope to be able to

Secret service members scramble to cover James Brady in the aftermath of John Hinckley's attack on President Reagan in 1981

limit protests to sign-carrying pickets who will appear at prearranged hours at the assigned locale across the street from the convention site. But direct action-oriented organizations such as LAG—which, as yet, has no plans to even mobilize for the Convention—are not very amenable to the procedure. "It would probably not be in our best interest to schedule any action with the police that we might be doing at the Democratic convention. If we decide to do an action, we'll do it on our own time," LAG's Gurman said.

For direct-actionists bent on performing civil disobedience at the convention, mass arrests are on the agenda. Such shenanigans promise a major headache for County Sheriff Mike Hennessey, who is charged with finding space to house substantial numbers of arrestees. Using the past two LAG spring mobilizations at Livermore as a yardstick, Hennessey thinks he needs room to accommodate a thousand new prisoners—which represents a problem, since San Francisco's local hoosegow is always at 98 percent capacity. A second question with which the sheriff must take pains is how long arrestees are going to be around. Increasingly, activists have been

AP WIDE WORLD

A Secret Service agent, automatic weapon drawn, yells orders after shots were fired at President Reagan outside a Washington hotel

refusing to leave jail until all the arrested are granted equal treatment before the law. At Livermore this past spring, that process took 700 people 10 days to work out, a stay that also cost neighboring Alameda County in excess of a million dollars.

If much convention security planning is directed towards containing peaceable protestors and hauling off potential disrupters, federal surveillance agencies are keeping their eyes and ears peeled for more individual adventurers. In recent months the Secret Service has increased its periodic questioning of those its computers list as potential threats to public figures. As part of its protective function, the Secret Service coordinates all information received from other investigatory agencies about individuals who allegedly pose such a threat. To keep pace, the Service conducts quarterly interviews (Q.I.s) with those who are deemed "serious threats." San Francisco agent-in-charge McDrew concedes that lists of potential "crazies" have been turned over to the SFPD for follow-ups "if they're local" and that Secret Service operatives all across the country are paying more diligent attention to pursuing Q.I.'s.

Nonetheless, the Service readily admits that such hot pursuit isn't always the answer. "Look at Sara Jane Moore," said agent Michael Garduno, who is charged with protecting the candidates while they're in San Francisco, referring to the woman who took a potshot at then-President Gerald Ford in 1975. "She was a Q.I. who we often interviewed. That didn't seem to stop her."

Overseas, the Central Intelligence Agency would appear to be sniffing out possible threats to the convention and the Olympics both, from Islamic terrorist organizations such as those groups that have carried out three sets of suicide-car bombings against American installations in the Middle East during the past six months. "If we were to develop information overseas that a threat is posed to either the Democratic National Convention or the Los Angeles Olympics, we would immediately share it with the FBI and local authorities," Katherine Riedel, a CIA press officer, told *The Rebel* from Langley, Virginia.

The spectre of terrorist car bombings continues to stalk both the convention and the Olympic games which follow immediately upon its heels. Last week in Los Angeles, Commander Bill Rathburn of the LAPD Olympics Planning Committee, conceded that his group was looking into the possibility of constructing concrete barriers outside Olympic sites to deter the threat. Similarly, although no convention or city official was willing to discuss the erection of such barriers outside the Moscone Center, plans are apparently under way for just such a contingency.

"If I told you a month ago that barriers would be in place around the White House this morning, you would have laughed at me," DNC security chief Richard Murphy said. "Today, there are bunkers around the White House, the Pentagon, the State Department, the United Nations, and New York City Police Headquarters. Any security unit worth its salt has to give attention to such a serious matter as these suicidal attempts. The issue has to be confronted."

"These suicide missions are happening in the world," said Capt. Mullen, San Francisco's security coordinator. "We are making concrete plans to deal with them." ■

John Ross is a freelance writer who reports regularly on civil liberties.

Coppertone, sex and fun for 300,000 vacationing students on Spring Break at Daytona Beach

Hard Sell in Daytona Beach

Corporations prey on vacationing students to sell products

By Jonathan Carl

Two hundred nearly-naked college boys wait in line for their free massages. Beneath the enormous Coppertone banner, three buxom, bikini-clad blondes squeeze and rub the tender male flesh until the sophomore's body glistens head to toe with suntan lotion. The blondes are toying with their subject, trying to excite him sexually. One by one, the students mount the table, lying face down, while the blondes caress the lotion in particularly sensitive areas, paying disproportionate attention to the crotch and thighs. Wearing only bathing suits, most of the young men are too embarrassed to roll onto their backs; halfway through the procedure, they sheepishly excuse themselves from the table and hobble off to the nearest bathroom.

Welcome to Spring Break in Daytona Beach, Florida—a week-long orgy of madness which accompanies the annual influx of 300,000 college students. This is a tale of the absurd; but everything—the people, the places and the events—are true.

For most Americans, Coppertone Suntan Lotion conjures up the decades-old image of a cuddly dog clenching the bathing suit of a little girl. Not so in Daytona Beach. Like everything else here, Coppertone is promoted synonymously with sex—from the blonde company masseuses to the bronzed models who parade about the beach distributing lotion to newly arrived pale-skins.

Coppertone is one of a growing number of corporations who use Spring Break to promote radical product images to a gigantic captive audience of 18-to-22-year-olds. Major cigarette, beer and liquor companies sink millions of dollars into hard-hitting corporate promotions for the vacationing college students. Marketing studies show that dollar for dollar, promotional events outweigh conventional media advertising fifty to one. Consequently, these companies spare no expense in trying to win brand allegiance from this demographically pure group of consumers. Few Americans are aware of this highly commercial aspect of Daytona; it is carefully and deliberately concealed from the general public. These companies decline interviews and refuse permission to photograph their activities. They fear that their outlandish marketing schemes might offend more conservative customers elsewhere in the country. They hypocritically preach God, Country and the American Way while exploiting the sexual obsessions of young people.

For example, the Marlboro Cigarettes Bun-Licking and Banana-Eating Contest is a game which awards prizes to contestants best able to simulate fellatio and cunnilingus. In the first part of the competition, a committee of male judges awards points to

KAUFMAN BLACK STAR

"The World's Most Famous Beach" replete with Miller sun visors and inflatable Miller Beer bottles

five female contestants according to how erotically the coeds suck and swallow peeled bananas. A large nightclub audience cheers the girls with cries of "Take off your shirts" and "Suck *my* banana!" In the second half of the contest, five male students are given hot dog buns filled with whipped cream. A committee of female judges selects a winner on the basis of who licks the cream most erotically. The males are encouraged to remove their pants by the loud and obnoxious audience. In one contest witnessed, a rather inebriated football player mistakenly thought the criteria for winning was speed. He downed the entire genitalic apparatus in one bite and was promptly disqualified.

Daytona Beach is a 22-mile peninsula bordering the Atlantic Ocean. Visitors are overwhelmed by the endless chain of phony Polynesian-deco hotels—gross Holiday Inns with plastic thatched tiki-huts sprouting from towering pink facades. Although extremely long, Daytona Beach is only a few hundred yards wide; a representative East-West cross-section consists of the ocean, the beach, the hotels, and opposite the hotels, U.S. Route One. Daytona Beach is separated from the City of Daytona by a long narrow inlet. The city natives regard it as a moat which protects them from the madness on the beach.

Recently, I was one of five filmmakers who journeyed to Daytona to document the phenomenon of Spring Break. We filmed events from the perspective of a student who comes to Daytona on a week-long vacation. Our efforts resulted in a cinéma vérité film which will soon be released to the public. These are some of the highlights of our stay:

DAY ONE: We arrive and check into Days Inn—a 10-story monolith on the southern end of the beach. Woe to the unsuspecting lodger who attempts to register during this week. The place is packed with students—four to a room. Most of the students are on package tours which prohibit opposite sexes from registering in the same room. This rule gives rise to roving foursomes of young men and women, searching for foursomes of the opposite sex. We set up headquarters in room 711. Down the hall, we find a group of promising subjects whom we christen "The Guys from New Jersey." (We are never able to remember their names.) They proudly announce their intention of "getting laid as much as possible," and speculate on the feasibility of realizing their objectives with the girls in room 724. After a brief meeting, we assign a camera crew to follow the guys from New Jersey.

Eager to tour the beach, we pile into the car for a drive on "The World's Most Famous Beach." Driving on the beach is not only allowed, it is encouraged. On a sunny day, the beach accommodates more traffic than U.S. Route One. Experienced vacationers prefer driving during low tide.

The place is incredible: a three-ring circus of people, cars, and airplanes flying overhead with banners announcing parties and contests. Five minutes from the hotel, we encounter a large yellow tent anchored by a 50-foot high Miller Beer bottle. Inside the tent, couples are playing the Miller Kissing Contest, a game which requires the contestants to dance and kiss while supporting an inflated Miller doll between their pelvises. Audience applause determines the winners, who are awarded Miller T-shirts, Miller sun visors and inflatable Miller Beer bottles. We shoot two rolls of film.

Driving back to the hotel, we encounter a roadblock; the police have cordoned off a section of beach. We see a large camera crew with studio lights. Suddenly, everyone on the beach looks up into the sky.

Corporations exploit captive audience of students to promote radical product images

Something is hurtling down toward us . . . a man! A parachute pops open, bearing the label of a major soft drink manufacturer. The cameras turn on us. We have just become the backdrop to another commercial shot in Daytona Beach. As we soon learn, advertisers find this one of the most desirable locations for commercial shooting. Where else can one find 300,000 free extras, all members of the Pepsi generation?

Back at the hotel, we dine in the modest yet pleasant surroundings of the Days Inn Restaurant. We make friends with our waitress, Martha. Jason—one of the filmmakers—falls prey to some ribbing when he confesses to a slight crush on Martha, who is enchantingly cute. We half-seriously assign Jason the task of investigating Martha as a potential subject.

DAY TWO: We are denied permission to film Seven-Up's popular Mating Game—a distorted version of the television show *Dating Game*. We are not surprised: a leering emcee—who shamelessly peeks down the shirts of the female contestants—officiates a barrage of off-color questioning. The girl challenges bachelor number two: "If we were on a first date and the car broke down, what would you do?" Number two considers his answer and blurts into the microphone: "I'd have you give me a blow-job!" Howls of approval from the emcee; rousing applause from the audience. The Seven-Up representative asks us to leave.

Demoralized, we return to the beach. However, our spirits are quickly buoyed when we spot a balding man dragging an enormous crucifix behind a Datsun 280Z. Wearing a shirt with the inscription "Time is short; follow Jesus or Satan," he warns skeptical sunbathers of the consequences of sin and the salvation of Jesus. He makes an extraordinary claim to the effect that he was recently crucified. Although we diagnose him as a loon, we soon discover that the crucifix man is one of many religious zealots who make pilgrimage to Daytona for the purpose of proselytizing among the vacationing students. In much the same way that the companies exploit the sexual obsessions of students, the missionaries exploit the hidden anxieties of those who feel guilty for participating in "forbidden" activities.

We cap off the day with a late dinner at the hotel. Jason's interest in Martha grows, but he is too shy to approach her. After all, he reasons, hundreds of patrons must have attempted passes at her.

DAY THREE: We awaken to the unpleasant discovery that someone has smeared vaseline all over our door. Have we made enemies already?

At a nearby hotel, several hundred exhausted hula-hoopers are in the fifth hour of a 24-hour marathon sponsored by Wham-O toys, the world's leading manufacturer of hula-hoops. We calculate that the $1,000 prize is not worth the physical damage inflicted by ceaseless hours of gyrating hip motion.

We proceed to the *piece de resistance* of Spring Break corporate promotion: the huge Playboy Expo at the Holiday Inn convention center. Lured by the promise of free T-shirts, thousands of students are immersed in a sea of booths which offer taste tests, movie posters, contest drawings for car stereos, a Camel Cigarettes Safari Endurance Test, autographed posters of Two-Fingers Tequila, and much, much more. We are intrigued by Two Fingers Tequila, the beautiful spokesmodel for the Mexican liquor. However, we cannot agree on the meaning of her title, other than it has something to do with the width of some bodily orifice.

Back on the beach, we are drawn to a crowd of several hundred students who

Women are humiliated in the wet T-shirt contest

have gathered around a spontaneous demonstration game of slow motion football. The quarter-speed re-enactment of a football game drew laughter and cheers from the audience. Suddenly, much to the surprise of the crowd, the quarterback produces a high-powered megaphone and launches into a sermon on Christian morals.

We have just discovered the Campus Crusade for Christ—a national student organization which dispatches crews throughout the country to preach the word of God. CCC boasts the largest and best organized corps of proselytizers in Daytona. Using the classic "bait and switch" trick, they attract large crowds and then ambush them with religious pitches. The crowds are so dumbstruck they generally stay and listen to the sermons. As the crowds disperse, the Crusaders--still in football garb—prowl along the beach, making individualized pleas for Jesus. The football players—large and imposing athletes--have no difficulty commanding attention; people of lesser stature are frequently too intimidated to resist the Goliath-like Christians. We enjoyed watching Al--a seven-foot monster with the word "KILL" emblazoned across his chest—as he towered over two frail freshmen. Said Al, "You gotta take Jesus Christ from the back burner and move him up to the front burner and turn him up full blast to put him in the driver's seat of your life."

Back on the seventh floor of Days Inn, the guys from New Jersey are encountering unexpected difficulty in fulfilling their self-imposed schedule of sexual satisfaction. With two beds between four guys, the only hope for an uninterrupted night of lovemaking is if all four of them can find a corresponding rooming group of four willing girls. Almost everyone in Daytona is one of four sharing a double room and the odds of locating a compatible foursome are slim indeed. One might suggest that couples spend the night on the beach. Unfortunately, midnight drag racing orgies make the beach hazardous for pedestrians. The guys from New Jersey are still working on the girls in room 724.

Dinner at the hotel. Jason has resolved to ask Martha for a date.

After dinner we attend the Holiday Inn Men's Butt Festival. Self-explanatory.

DAY FOUR: Today is Wet T-Shirt Day. We begin with the heavily advertised Pabst Wet T-shirt contest, where four very drunk girls are hosed down like cattle before a jeering mass of male onlookers. The winner earns a Pabst T-Shirt, a Pabst hat, a Pabst wall display, and treasure of treasures, a Pabst beverage cooler. The Pabst people are pleased; another successful promotion.

By contrast, we also film an unsuccessful wet T-shirt contest, sponsored by an independent tour operator. Perhaps this is an illustration of the superiority of corporate organization versus small business.

The prescription for disaster began with the emcee—a terribly obsese lecher who had been drinking all day. At 8 o'clock, he shut off the dancing music and screeched into the public address system: "Calling all bitches! It's time for some wet tit action!" Needless to say, no women came forward. The excessively intoxicated emcee proceeded to rant and rave against the female sex for a full 10 minutes, until two extremely embarrassed women were badgered into entering the contest. Still, the emcee was unwilling to commence without the minimum of three contestants. After several more minutes of electronically-amplified obsenities, a young man named Mike—who also happened to be extememly fat—climbed on stage proclaiming "Hey, my tits are bigger than

DABY PICTURE GROUP

The commercial aspect of Daytona

these girls!' " Remarkably, Mike's claim was true, and it instantly won him the admiration of the crowd. Unfortunately, after a grueling semi-final round, Mike lost the $25 prize to a girl from upstate New York.

This contest was the most pathetic and offensive event of the week. After anouncing the winner, the emcee passed out and was carted away to a hospital. The sponsoring tour operator—who was also drunk—apologized for the contest on the grounds that there were not any women from New York City. Girls from the Big Apple, he explained, are "looser with their bodies" and consequently, more likely to remove their clothes in a wet T-shirt contest. He also assured us that the key to winning his contests is *not* breast size, but rather, dancing ability.

DAY FIVE: One of the New Jersey Four claims to have secured oral sex in the bathroom of a nearby hotel. However, his colleagues dispute the claim and he is unable to provide documentation. Despite their disagreement, they report new progress with the girls in 724.

Jason mustered enough courage to ask Martha for a date. She accepted! They will go out tomorrow night after Martha's shift. Frankly, we think that Martha is a little weird, but no one has the heart to tell Jason.

DAY SIX: Today, we visited one of Daytona's living legends—Ron Rice, the suntan king. Ron Rice is inventor, owner and president of Hawaiian Tropic, a global sunscreen and sporting accessory empire. Rice is an American rags to riches story: he pioneered the lotion in his bathtub and first sold it on the beaches of Daytona. Yet, Rice shuns the usual accoutrements of mega-success, opting to live in a modest beach house on the northern tip of Daytona. The morning we visited, Rice was playing host to two gorgeous models. (Some accoutrements you just don't part with.) Throughout our interview, Rice split his attention between us and a bank of 12 television monitors—he enjoys watching the commercials for his own products. Perhaps more than his maverick career as an entrepreneur, Rice's proudest accomplishment is his involvement in Burt Reynold's *Cannonball Run*. Astute film buffs will recognize Rice's 150,000-dollar Lamborghini as the car which plunged into a swimming pool. Truly, a great moment in cinema. A well-read copy of the *Cannonball* novelization lies on the coffee table.

Back at the hotel, we are unable to locate the guys from New Jersey.

DAY SEVEN: The guys from New Jersey didn't answer their door because they were in bed with the girls from 724. Too bad we weren't inside with our cameras.

Today, we got the report on Jason's late-night date with Martha. It seems that Jason and Martha discovered a mutual interest in gravestones, so Martha drove Jason to the Daytona city graveyard—a pub-

lic receptacle for deceased miscreants located in a seedy section of town. They conversed well past midnight, oblivous of the rather creepy environs. As the night grew cold, Martha retrieved two white lab coats from the trunk of her car. Apparently, Martha's preoccupation with death was quite serious: prior to waitressing at the Days Inn, she had interned as a morgue attendant. She had kept the lab coats from the morgue.

Well, there they were, in white lab coats, philosophizing about death in the middle of a graveyard, when suddenly a police car burst upon them and two officers jumped from the vehicle. As it happened, this was a predominately black area of town and the police had mistaken Jason and Martha for a Ku Klux Klan rally. It took several minutes to convince the police otherwise, after which the couple was released.

Poor Jason. He always gets the short end of the stick. Nevertheless, we had a very good laugh at his expense.

Jason attempted to interview Martha on camera today but as it turned out, she was quite a racist and railed against blacks and Hispanics for the ills of Daytona. Naturally, we thought the blame lay elsewhere, and we quickly terminated Martha's tenure in front of the camera.

DAY EIGHT: The last day. We said goodbye to our friends from New Jersey. We took a farewell drive on the beach where we found a mob of 10,000 students, gathered together to appear in a Minolta Camera commercial. All morning, trucks with public address systems had patrolled the beach, inviting students to appear in a commercial and promising free T-shirts to the first 200 comers. Some people will do anything to get on T.V.

Our week in Daytona ended on a religious note when we filmed services at the Daytona Drive-In Church of God. The altar was housed in a structure suspiciously resembling an abandoned Burger King restaurant while the congregants parked in neatly drawn spaces, each with its own window speaker. Although the lot was filled to capacity, the only sounds were the pre-recorded choir music and the rhythmic beating of several hundred windshield wipers. (It was raining heavily.) "Before we turn to Psalm 23," the minister announced, "will the Camaro in the third pew please extinguish the headlights."

EPILOGUE: We returned home and edited the film, which now sits in a vault in Manhattan awaiting distribution to televison. Legal technicalities have delayed its release.

Recently, a despondent Martha appeared on Jason's doorstep. She had gained 50 pounds and was making unpleasant noises about marriage. Jason—who is incapable of saying no to anyone—agreed to let Martha stay at his apartment but quickly found her presence unbearably suffocating. He stayed with friends until she left one week later.

KAMP. BLACK STAR

Products are promoted synonymously with sex

Like Martha, Daytona leaves a sad aftertaste. Warm weather notwithstanding, the Spring Break experience is not a pleasant one. It is a week of non-stop exploitation: social, religious, corporate and sexual. But while the causes of the exploitative behavior seem obvious, the effects are not so clearly defined. These effects are serious and sinister because few people realize that they are victims. The unsung casualties of Daytona Beach are the unhealthy relationships which breed in an environment of greed and lust. Everyone is out for themselves. The hotel owners want profits, the marketing executives want product allegiance, the proselytizers want converts, the boys want girls and the girls want boys. Everyone is working to fill a quota, whether it be measured in dollars, product points, baptisms, or sexual encounters.

Kant, the great philosopher, posited that there is no greater injustice than using another to further one's own selfish ends. Daytona is disturbing because it consists of people selfishly using other people for personal gain. In Daytona, people have ceased to see each other as ***human beings***. It is this absence of humanity in Daytona which is most terrifying.

Most find it difficult to take Daytona seriously. After all, it is a ridiculous place. Yet, while it may be okay to laugh at the absurdity of this bizarre beach resort, we do ourselves a great disservice if we do not pause for at least one moment to consider what Daytona says about American values. ■

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The Last Hurrah

By Peter Lake

Hayden Lake, Idaho

"We'd sure like to see some of your guns," Mike said to Dave Tate. "Do you think we could go out in the woods and fire some weapons?"

Dave just smiled enigmatically and nodded. "Of course."

I felt they would be less likely to assault us, now or later, if I demonstrated some proficiency with a handgun. That's a fool's paradise, of course, but at least no one would think that I didn't appreciate guns, a necessary prerequisite for palling around with the Radical Right.

Gino, the thin man Mike called "a fruit" and I called "psycho," drove us north, towards Canada. Something happened in the car, something that forever bonded Mike and me together and which almost defies description. Real or imagined, our paranoid fears almost took over and made us turn back. Either of us alone couldn't have gone on. Together we felt that we had a chance.

Gino, of course, would have been the first to go. That ride would tell us all. Either we had been accepted into the Aryan Nations brotherhood and all would be well for the rest of our trip, or we would be taken out into the woods and gotten rid of.

In retrospect, we now know how foolish were our fears. Yet, only Ishmael, of all the sailors on the *Pequod*, had nothing to fear from the White Whale. In Australia I had filmed the Great White Shark underwater without incident. Then, on the last dive, one nearly undid me.

Our first stop at Dave Tate's house did little to quiet our fears. Dave, 20, lives with his father, mother and 14-year-old sister, who receives her education at the church's small schoolhouse, along with a handful of other children. Vigorous and attractive, Dave's love of weaponry and militant action became public knowledge when he posed on the cover of a *Seattle Times* supplement wearing a "White Power" T-shirt and holding a Mini-14 rifle.

He works in the print shop with Gary Yarbrough, an ex-con who first heard of Aryan Nations through its prison ministry when he was serving time in Arizona. Yarbrough and Dave usually carry pistols when they work, feeding paper into a small, high-speed press. A picture of Adolf Hitler hangs beside the press; a plastic cross is stuck to it.

Yarbrough always suspected me and possessed the sullen, seething resentment of a man full of unresolved anger. He did, however, find happiness and comfort in the thought that his young daughter, Autumn, would be a fine shooter some day, "firing bullets into the heads of kikes."

In their basement, Dave and his father showed us an SSG .308 rifle, one of the most sophisticated weapons available for counter-sniper work. "Just the thing for shooting that deer on the hill 500 yards away." On the wall hung a cutaway drawing of an M-60 machine gun. Mike asked about automatic weapons, the ownership of which would have been a serious federal crime. Dave just smiled.

Outside on the snow-covered ground, I asked Frank Silva where they were taking us to shoot. "I don't know, pardner. Maybe they're going to take us out into the woods and execute us." Mike and I laughed, but we both wondered if someone had found the notes I had been hiding in my suitcase. For some reason, the lock had ceased working; malfunctioned, I hoped. I had hidden the notes under my motel mattress.

We drove and drove through the chilly Idaho afternoon, Gino all the while arguing about the greatness of Hitler. Less than 60 miles from the Canadian border, we turned off onto a back road, then drove another few miles. Mike began photographing points of reference, in case our bodies should be found in the woods. I put my contact lens case in my pocket, along with my glasses, in case I had to escape through the woods. (As though one could escape if our worst fears materialized.) The last sign we saw said, "-TARY LAND FILL."

"What did that sign say, something about the military?"

"It said, 'Sanitary land fill.' "

Dreams of Jimmy Hoffa, stashed into a trash barrel.

When we approached the rendezvous point, Mike breathed easily, thinking a coffee truck was on hand. Getting closer, we saw only burned-out car hulks. Instant paranoia. Of course, Gino would be the first to go, splattered all over the windshield.

On reflection, the lesson was obvious; paranoid delusions give way to violent fantasies. We had adopted the mind-set of the Nazis, Mike by years of association, me by weeks of careful assimilation. The effect was the same. They were out to get us and we would have to get them first at the slightest sign of trouble.

The shooting exercises proved to be nothing other than a bunch of good old boys making a little noise in the woods. Dave Tate, Gary Yarbrough, Frank Silva, Randy Evans, and a few others ran from the rabbit hutch to some abandoned buildings, fired, and advanced again. The targets, and what they represented, however, were hardly the standard circles or silhouettes favored by most survivalists. Menachem Begin's photograph proved the most popular target. Dave Tate, obviously using an AR-15 modified to fire full-auto, ripped off a quick burst, then smiled when I asked if it was full auto. Randy later said it was "a loose trigger." Very loose.

Nothing but good ol' boys making holes in the trees. Still, I kept someone between Yarbrough and me all the while. When it came time to shoot, I emptied a .45 magazine into Begin's photograph, reloaded, then emptied another. The rest of the time everyone happily went through "maneuvers" for my video-camera. Luckily the loose organization produced no accidental gunshot wounds, a far more likely occurrence than an intentional one.

Mike and I relaxed on the way home, secure in the knowledge that if our hosts had not confronted us out in no-man's land, they were not on to us. That night Pastor Butler delivered a rousing talk directed at Aryan Warriors, exhorting them to carry on in the fight against the Jews, the commies, the mongrels, and most especially, the Jews again. The men of Aryan Nations (the only ones allowed at the talk) wore their uniforms for the first time, some driving in from Montana and Washington for the meeting. All the Southern Californians spoke, Mike receiving applause when he spoke of burning the temple. I humbly expressed a desire to again feel proud of my race "in the cesspool of Los Angeles." They loved it. We were in if we wanted it. Mike and I decided that if we joined, we would find out as much as we possibly could.

Sunday, church day, and all the women looked like women attending church everywhere. The men, however, wore light-blue shirts with "SS"-like insignia on the collars, dark-blue trousers, black Sam Browne belts with straps crossing over left shoulders, and black clip-on ties, all clothes obtained from J.C. Penney.

The children, having practiced diligently, sang a hymn, then led the pledge of allegiance, substituting the phrase, "One *Aryan* nation, under God," for the usual rendering.

Tom Bentley invoked the usual apocalyptic prayer, "We ask, Father, that even though the time to come is the worst time of all time, that you hasten it . . . we're ready to go through it as quickly as possible."

But then, instead of a simple, vague sermon like so many of the ones I had read and heard on tape, Butler delivered an anti-taxation invective. The IRS, it seemed, wanted his church to adopt an equal-opportunity program.

"We're actively recruiting minorities—Scots, Welsh, Irish," he said.

Then he read a statement from the Soviet Union which was to prove prophetic: "In this country (USSR), people are never persecuted for their beliefs. When action is taken against believers, it is never for their beliefs. It is always because they have broken the law."

As usual, Butler never relented: "A state church has been signed into law by President Reagan." In other words, the IRS wanted Social Security records kept and reported for church employees, and Butler saw that as the establishment of a state religion.

(Note: As of the first week in January, the new IRS rules affecting churches have still not been clarified, according to the New York office handling exempt organizations.)

Not only was the IRS camel "sticking its nose into the tent," but taxpayers were funding 46.63 percent of the cost of homosexual ("sodomite") organizations.

He ended on the theme that has become his rallying call: "As long as this alien tyranny evil occupies our land, hate is our law and revenge is our duty."

After the service came initiation into Aryan Nations but (paranoia again), only Mike and Frank Silva were asked to join. They knelt at the altar, took the oaths of allegiance as I taped them, then received the right-handed salute from their assembled breathren.

"Mike Canale, a fighter from behind prison walls . . . and an Aryan Nationalist, lives in an age when the final battles are being waged for the mastery of the earth."

Mike was in, but what about me? Was I under suspicion? I asked to join. "I was hoping you'd ask," Pastor Butler said as he put his arms on my shoulders.

So, sword on my shoulder, kneeling at his temple, I took the oath, ". . . never to betray my Aryan brothers . . . never to rest on this earth until there is created a national state for my Aryan brothers . . . one God, one Nation, one Race."

After touching the sword to my shoulder, Butler said, "I lay upon you the sharp two-edged sword of truth." How true, how true.

Privy now to whatever was spoken among the members, I did indeed hear conspiracy, albeit minor. In the Owl Cafe, breakfast haunt of AN, Dave Lane, KKK leader from Colorado, asked Roy Mansker if he knew how to blow up a part of the phone company. "That part where all the lines come in. I need to put something out of commission for an hour or so. It's in a big western city." He wrote the name of the city on a napkin and gave it to Roy. Did he want to disable alarms or computers? Later he told me, "If you knock out the power, all the Jew computers and cash registers go out. They're paralyzed."

"I've got lots of dynamite, but Roy's son has worked in the phone company for 17

Dave Tate (right) operates Lake's video camera in Aryan Hall, Hayden Lake, Idaho

Gino shoots AR-15 at night, "Silhouette City," Idaho

Gary Yarbrough at printing machines, Aryan Nations: Note Hitler photo, lower right

PETER LAKE FROM VIDEOTAPE

Pastor Robert Butler delivers a sermon
Peter Lake takes the oath of brotherhood

PETER LAKE FROM VIDEOTAPE

(Left to right) Randy Evans, Bob Tate, Roy Mansker, Peter Lake, Pastor Robert Butler (hidden) and Dave Lane

years. He'd know what to do." Roy called his son, then reported back to Dave later that afternoon.

Nothing else. That was it. No plots against the Jews, the Treasury or the President. Yet, by then, Mike and I had become so paranoid that when KNXT came to interview Butler, I whispered to three of the crew, "Our lives are in danger. Wait until we're gone." Happily, they held off until Mike and I were ready to leave.

"I'll be coming to Los Angeles the first week in December," Pastor Butler told us. It was, of course, a date with the legal system of Los Angeles.

Wisconsin

As a vacation from the rigors of living a lie, my friend Jean and I intended to visit her parents in Milwaukee just after I returned from Aryan Nations. I thought, however, that we ought to pay a call on another hero of the Radical Right, Pastor James Wickstrom, leader of the Posse Comitatus.

Pastor Butler had given me Wickstrom's number—his private number, that is. Just calling information for his phone gets you the early-warning-Paul-Revere-current-events line, recorded weekly with dire warnings about the Russians in Central America, the Jews in America, and the usual disasters everywhere else.

"Well, if you're with Aryan Nations, we'd love to have you come to our monthly Bible study and pot-luck dinner. Why don't you bring some cider. The kind without the preservatives, if you know what I mean."

In an effort to further ingratiate myself, I had an Aryan Nations plaque routed out of wood for $20 in a Sears store. Most of their work went into "Bob and Betty Jones' House" signs, so the men who duplicated the AN shield asked what it was.

"Kind of a secret fraternal organization,' I said.

"Like the Posse?" the man said in jest.

Jean and I looked at each other with stern faces.

"Never mind," the other man said. "It's supposed to be secret. Forget we asked." He seemed genuinely concerned and self-consciously added the sales tax, half expecting us to protest paying it. We laughed all the way home.

Everyone knows about the Posse Comitatus in Cheeseland. Just mention the Klan in Alabama, Aryan Nations in Idaho, or the Posse in Wisconsin, and you get the same reaction: "Those people are weird." (Or "dangerous," or "from another planet," or occassionally "right-on.") Members of those groups may not do much that's actually illegal, but every time one of them scratches his ass too loudly, the press reports it as "stirrings in the movement."

When I had told Irv Rubin I wanted to drop in on the Posse while we were in Wisconsin, he said, "They're 10,000 times worse than those guys in Aryan Nations." Indeed, the Posse enjoys a unique reputation now, envied by every other white supremist group.

First, the Posse produced the Identity Church's most important martyr in Gordon Kahl. When Kahl shot and killed two U.S. Marshals in Medina, North Dakota, last February, he fulfilled a cherished dream of the Radical Right: to oppose by force-of-arms an official agency of the Government in the "illegal" performance of its duties (as directed by the Zionist conspiracy, naturally). Kahl later fulfilled the second great wish of Radical Rightists: to go out in a blaze of glory and take a lawman along. (The "Alamo Syndrome," for lack of a better term.) Four months after the Medina shooting, Kahl perished in a fierce Arkansas gun battle, along with the sheriff who came to take him.

"Why They Wanted to Get Gordon Kahl," a pamphlet sold by Aryan Nations, explains, "To die a free man is a necessity. So that his children and grandchildren might live in freedom, Gordon was willing to die—and die he did; attacked by the very 'agents' of Satan whom he was trying to expose . . . Physically, Gordon Kahl has been silenced, but his spirit goes on. The task of exposing the Satanic anti-God, anti-

JEAN ROYCE

Pastor James Wickstrom and Peter Lake

family, anti-American forces at work in our country will be carried on in his memory."

Citing the sub-headings in the pamphlet, largely written by Kahl, gives a perfect understanding of what got him worked up to the point where the only conversation he cared to have with Federal employees came in the language of gunfire: "WARS ARE THE JEW'S HARVEST; HOLOCAUST--FACT OR MYTH?; WHOSE SIDE IS THE CIA ON?; COMMUNIST REVOLUTION IN AMERICA; ROCKEFELLER OR ROGGENFELD?; THE SECRET OF THE MASONIC LODGES; BANKERS ARE EITHER JEWS OR MASONS; THE JEWISH INVISIBLE GOVERNMENT; JEWS, ZIONISM AND PROBLEMS FOR AMERICA."

In other words, Kahl's problem cannot be distinguished from the problems of the Nazis, the KKK, Aryan Nations, or the Identity Church, to which Kahl, James Wickstrom and all the Posse members have sworn allegiance.

But, in the best tradition of American ingenuity which says, "It's not enough to be good, you have to be different," Wickstrom's band of Merry Men have found a new twist. They believe that the only lawfully constituted government exists at the county level. (And sorry, ladies, once again, the "Merry Men" do not allow you on the membership roster, although you're certainly welcome to bake cookies and take care of the kids. Actually, you're required to perform those chores. The men of the Radical Right practice Radical Male Chauvinism with a vengeance.)

The last Sunday in November Jean and I took our plaque, cider and borrowed Bible and drove three and a half hours northwest of Milwaukee through a snowstorm and freezing winds to the remote town of Tigerton (turn left at Oshkosh). Actuallly, Wickstrom's renamed his bailiwick Tigerton Dells and thereby gotten himself into a pack of trouble.

The Dells, as it's now nicknamed, was created from a small part of Donald Minniecheske's 600-acre spread in the Shawano County woods. Like many of the Posse members, Minniecheske donated property to the Life Science Church, which Wickstrom heads. Other members have donated guns, mobile homes, money and cars to the church so that various governments would not be able to levy taxes or collect taxes.

Like Wickstrom, Minniecheske's gotten himself into a bit more trouble than he would have by simply not paying taxes, however. Mere avoidance not being sufficient to enrage the tax collectors, the Posse devised a plan to aggressively harrass those who would harass them. Simply stated, Posse members tried to slander the titles to property owned by judges and other public officials that they feel persecuted them. In 1980, the State of Wisconsin passed a "Posse Comitatus law" designed to prevent such distractions from coming between the Posse and the Judgment of Man.

Minniecheske, a former tavern owner, tried to file just such a title claim and became the law's first, and so far only, victim. Wickstrom's legal problem stems from his attempt to secede Tigerton Dells from Tigerton. He was to become a judge, Minniecheske the mayor.

When Jean and I arrived at the former tavern that has now become church and meeting hall for the Posse, we were first greeted by none other than the wife of the incarcerated mayor, Sally Minniecheske. At 10:30 a.m. the fortyish woman was having a little trouble forming her words and standing straight. "It's just terrible having to drive two hours to prison to see my husband for a few minutes every couple of weeks." She was more than willing to tell us her troubles, but Jean and I thought we had best get the goods on everyone before they killed us. We needn't have worried.

(Sally won't have to make that drive any more for a couple of months. Since we met her, she was convicted of illegally selling cigarettes and liquor without a license.)

Wickstrom greeted us warmly: "I just happened to be talking to Pastor Butler and he says you're all right." (Hardly an "accidental" conversation.) "Come and listen to the sermon and current events talk, have a little meal with us, and then

STEVE LAFFERNEY

Cross-lighting in San Fernando Valley

we'll talk about the Book of Ruth for a couple of hours," he said. "I'm sure you'll find out some things you never knew before."

What an understatement! Wickstrom, a former Lutheran like me, had many a unique way of phrasing his complaints, even for the Identity Church.

Some highlights: "The Pope is a Polish Jew . . . Jew-controlled IRS sent the Marshals to kill Gordon Kahl . . . Rockefeller is a philanthropist of death . . . Christmas is really a pagan holiday . . . If you don't think there is fear of the Posse and Aryan Nations' warriors, there is . . . There won't be a Jew left in this country . . ." And tirelessly on for a whole hour.

Beside us, at one of the long, cafeteria-like tables, sat a couple well into their sixties, Gordon Kahl's age. "We're Identity, you know." (No shit, I thought.) The gilt on his Bible's pages had been worn off from years of study. These people weren't merely trying to avoid taxes; they were in a fight for their very own identity, not just reassessing the identity of their race. They believed in what they did because they believed God had told them to do it. "If you ever get a chance to get to Mariposa, you should look up Colonel Gale." (William Potter Gale, founder of the Identity Church.)

After weeks among such people, I thought I could have given the sermon myself, although Wickstrom and Butler exert a powerful fascination that lulls one's critical faculties when they talk.

So powerful was the lulling, in fact, that I fell sound asleep during the two-hour talk on the Book of Esther, ". . . in the day that the enemies of the Jews hoped to have power over them" (though it was turned to the contrary, that the Jews had rule over them that hated them.)

Suddenly Jean was elbowing me as Wickstrom intoned, "We have two people who've come a long way to be here with us today . . . all the way from Southern California." They applauded. We stood up. I went on stage and presented Wickstrom with the plaque. "Greetings from Aryan Nations. I'm delighted to be with you today. Pastor Butler and all his followers salute you. I know the day not long off when all of you will get just what's coming to you." More applause.

Before we left, two collections were taken, one for Mayor Donald in prison, the other for Wickstrom's church. The couple beside us put $20 into each pot. They probably didn't spend much on records, video games or movies, so I suppose it wasn't all that much. Still, given the modest circumstances of the audience-congregation, the collection must surely have averaged much more than in most churches. Wickstrom's wife had counted past the $500 mark when we passed her.

Half the people looked to be on welfare, the other half well below the median income. In other words, like most of the members of the Klan, the Nazi party, Aryan Nations, they were poor, poorly-educated and reasonably intelligent. Also innovative. One man in camouflage who sported a Combat Infantryman's Badge told how he supplemented his food: "I'll go out and get me a deer today."

"How long's the hunting season here?"

"How would I know?" he said with a sneer as he walked away.

We picked up some literature from a small group led by another man in camouflage. His four sons, polite and attentive, were dressed the same. They gave us several pieces of literature, among them a yellow sheet titled, *Get Rid of the Income Tax*. "Plan to act 'lawfully' according to the IRC code . . . you can't lose."

Before we left we bought a few Posse T-shirts for the KNXT camera crew and for Mike. I also bought a death's head pin with the motto "Or Glory" beneath it. As we were leaving, one of the silver-haired ladies said, "Oh yes, I know someone from Aryan Nations—Dave Lane. Say hello to him."

I could just picture Dave Lane and her trucking dynamite into the Seattle phone company, lighting the fuse, and running like hell.

"He's such a nice man," she said.

Jean and I drove back at full speed, one

The author is arrested after the police move in quickly

"One officer ripped out the side of my video recorder and pulled wires out of my camera"

eye on the rear-view mirror for the first twenty miles.

A few days later, Butler decided to come to Los Angeles for a formal cross-lighting.

San Fernando Valley

This would be my last hurrah in the movement. Hurrah.

Mike and I journeyed to Randy Evans' ranch in the desert where we all assembled and said a prayer, arms outlifted, for Louis Beam, Texas Grand Dragon who was on trial for burning Vietnamese fishermen's boats in Texas. As Butler and I stood together, a spark of static electricity jumped between our outstretched fingers. Later, he put his hand on my knee and told me how people get caught: "They say something to someone in a bar and the first thing you know, that man's an agent." He poked my leg for emphasis. Mike winced.

When Richard Butler, myself and 13 others were arrested the following day at the KKK cross-lighting in the San Fernando Valley, Los Angeles police moved in quickly and threw us on the ground as soon as the crosses were ablaze. One officer viciously ripped out the side of my video-recorder and pulled wires out of my camera.

We were held on $5,000 bail, charged with conspiracy. Incredibly, Municipal Court Judge Michael Luros spent the entire day on the scene of the Klan activities, first at the house of Exalted Cyclops Frank Silva, then at the site where the arrests were made, then in the Foothill Police Station. Apparently the Judge has been known to be a "police-groupie," often attending raids on pornography sites. A well-known trial lawyer told me Luros' father has been a major pornographer for years, first in Los Angeles, then in Orange County.

Also surprising was the "deal" struck by the JDL with the police outside Silva's house. In return for ceasing to protest and leaving peacefully, the lieutenant in charge said to Irv Rubin, "We won't arrest (one of your men) if you leave. And don't worry, we'll see to it that no cross-burning takes place."

The JDL took credit for being "directly responsible for the arrests."

Arrested for the first time in a long career of KKK activity was Tom Metzger, erstwhile Democratic candidate for Congress. The charges against me have been dropped, but the other 14 arrested face nine misdemeanor counts each, on charges that include terrorism, routing, rioting and burning without a proper permit.

Mike Canale remains on parole and has now joined forces with the JDL. Nazi Carter Loven has said he's quitting the movement as a result of the exposure. When they became aware of my true identity, Richard Butler, Frank Silva and Randy Evans were all gracious.

Frank said, "We all have to make a living. We Christians understand that."

From Randy Evans: "I want you to know there will be no repercussions. We're not bitter. It's God's will." Butler said, "As Christians we were too trusting. Next time we'll be more careful. The first time it's your fault; the second time it's our fault. This is just a small defeat. We'll win the battle. We'll inherit the earth. Too bad, I took a liking to you."

It's easy to like Butler, too, until you examine why people wait for the millennium, hate those other people they regard as being the cause of the world's problems, and refuse to live in the real world. They possess enormous pride, hubris, that enables them to refuse to accept any condition other than the ideal one they wish for, solely because they will it. They will accept no other ideology, no others' ideas, no other people in their world—and are proud of the fact. They want lives of ease (even though many have always struggled economically) in which they will no longer have to fight against powerful forces they cannot control. They thrive on despair, molding it, nurturing it, stretching it.

Indeed, if economic or social conditions become so disastrous that many others feel as they do, the neo-Nazis will be in place, ready to lead thundering hordes against all the forces of social order. If that happens, just as the Nordic legend says, the Fenrir wolf will break his bonds and devour the earth, his jaws stretching between earth and sky. For the time, neo-Nazis are held in check by powerful forces of a stable government, decent economic health and a large middle-class powerfully anchored to the political middle.

But don't ever think they will go away entirely. ■

Peter Lake specializes in writing about unusual topics.

PETER LAKE

Ex-Nazi Canale with Jewish Defense League leader Rubin

Canale and Rabbi David Lachtman at site of Canale's arson

THE RETURN OF THE PENITENT NAZI

Except perhaps for Adolf Hitler himself, no one stands higher in the neo-Nazi pantheon of heroes than the desecrators of synagogues. To actually set fire to a "House of Satan" elevates a man far above the common rabble of Jew-haters and misguided misanthropes that fill the ranks of the Klan, Aryan Nations, the Posse and the Identity Church.

Mike Canale's arson of Temple Beth David elevated him into that pantheon and gave him status that he had never enjoyed in the conventional world. It was not, however, a crown that sat easily on his head. In the first place, the case can be made that he wanted to be caught for the arson. Half out of his mind from drugs and alcohol when he set the blaze, he returned to the temple once the conflagration was well under way.

Even before he thought of setting fire to a temple, Canale had come under the spell of Stan Wittick and his vicious litany of Jew-hate. For Mike, the camaraderie seemed more important than the purpose of the Wittick's organization—to purge all non-whites from America. As much to ingratiate himself with his newfound friends as to pour wrath down on the Jews, Mike set out one night to visit hell-fire on people who had been told were pretenders to the title, "Chosen Race."

Once in prison, he still might have held allegiance to the men who had inspired him to commit such an outrageous act. But, once in prison, Mike received nothing more than talk from his comrades. Their letters were filled with messages of hate and solidarity, but provided little comfort. ("We plan on having conflicts with the cruds, niggers, and other assorted scum of the earth . . . be cool in that Jew Gulag." [9 June 1982, from "Your brother Phil" in Toledo].) ("The day is not far off when all of these wrongs will be dealt with and we shall win the greatest victory our people have ever witnessed." (21 February 1983, from Roy Mansker, Careywood, Idaho.)

But what Mike did not get from his admirers was money or help in protecting his mother from the threats of the Jewish Defense League, especially the radical activist, Mordecai Levy. Relentlessly, and with tacit approval of JDL Executive Director Irv Rubin, Levy threatened Mike's family ("We'll kill your sister and leave her body up near Mulholland," Mike often quotes Levy as having said.)

Having spent sixteen years in prison, Mike decided he'd had enough and that perhaps Jews were not the major problem in his troubled life. He wondered if they might even be the solution.

"I called Irv and told him to meet me in the parking lot of the Boys' Market, right beside the ice machine. He could kill me if he wanted to," Mike said, describing his attempt at a friendly encounter with Rubin. They had last met in the courtroom where Canale had been convicted of the temple arson. The ensuing fight between the two men, each as large as pro-football players, had sent a county marshal to the hospital after he tried to intervene.

"When I met Mike in the parking lot, I didn't know what to think," Rubin said. "Here was a guy who had torched a synagogue—the most despicable thing I can think of—wanting to have a 'friendly' chat with me. I had to respect him for that."

That friendly chat led to a slowly-growing alliance between the two, frequent meetings to exchange information, and finally to Mike's difficult and painful atonement for his arson.

Through the intervention of Rubin, Mike returned to Temple Beth-David, in the daytime and through the front door. With misty eyes, Rabbi David Lachtman accepted Mike's apology for his crime.

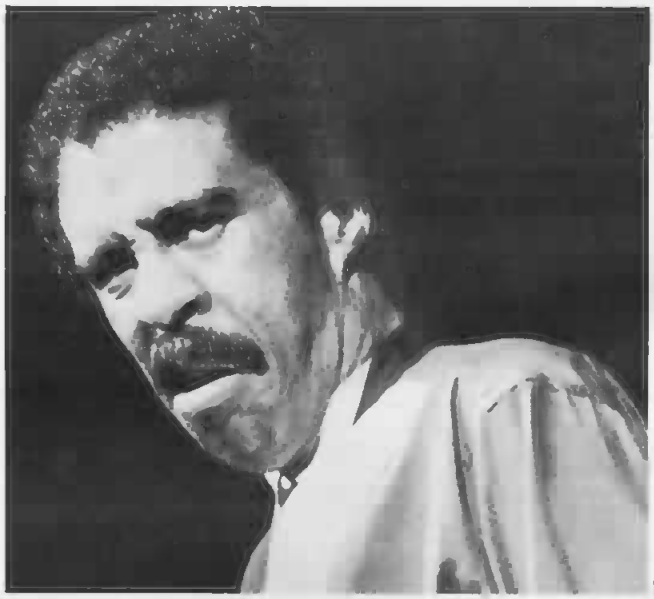
"We can forgive," the Rabbi said. "We can forgive, but we can't forget what happened here." Deeply moved, the rabbi shook Canale's hand. They stood in front of the temple's memorial wall which displays the burned artifacts from the fire: melted flags, scorched Torah cover, blackened prayer-book opened to the line, ". . . consumed in burning flame." Every item there speaks to the frustration Mike visited on the Temple, to the anger neo-Nazis feel toward the world-wide community of Jews, and to the constant threats posed by both our government and our citizens against the founding principles of American liberty and religious tolerance.

Canale sweated profusely and could barely stand still when he spoke to the rabbi, but there could be no doubting his sincerity. Then, more than any other time in his life, he realized how far astray from the mainstream of life he had traveled and how far he had to go to return.

Mike Canale is a rare man—a huge ex-convict, yet gentle and kind; a temple arsonist in league with radical defenders of Jews; a man shunned by the world, desperately seeking a place in the world. Out of prison and trying to live by the book, he must learn how to care for himself in a community that cares little for anyone like him.

Although he has begun his journey, he must still struggle against the curse of lifelong chemical abuse and his ill health exacerbated by years of smoking, drinking and shooting up. For the moment, he has returned to civilization's fold like a lost sheep, mercifully unaware of the true role of shepherds. From now on, his actions will assume all the drama of a classical confrontation between the forces of light and darkness, as played on a small stage and with a good man's life hanging in the balance.

Faces



Richard Pryor

RICHARD PRYOR started 1984 on a positive, if chastened note, celebrating one year of sobriety at a meeting of Hollywood Alcoholics Anonymous. After sampling his one-candle birthday cake Richard, speaking in a subdued, meek tone of voice told the group of 100 fellow abstainers that A.A. had cured the addiction to booze (and base) which threatened to destroy his life. The brilliant comedian talked frankly about his fear that (without the rage generated by booze) he would have no creative material for his shows. Pryor credits the public wave of support and encouragement during his hospitalization for his new-born mellow mood.

FACES wishes Pryor many happy returns, but don't lean over the candle.

David Bowie

In the early 1970s, **DAVID BOWIE** electrified the world with his flamboyant rebellion. Ziggy Stardust! Glitter rock! His songs "Changes," "Space Oddity," "Fame," "Young Americans," and especially "Young Rebels" were joyous anthems of sophisticated individualism and sexual freedom. But what's happened to Bowie now that we really need him in 1984?

Alas, the grim hands of age and greed have cut down yet another Pagan Piper. Bowie's album *Let's Dance* was a bland marshmallow commercial dish. And his end-of-the-year tour came on like a Las Vegas revue.

Recent interviews have done nothing to quiet the complaints of Bowie's more rebellious admirers. Dig this one! David now claims that his highly-advertised celebrations of bisexuality were just publicity stunts! Say it ain't so, Ziggie! Were all those wild orgies just staged career moves? The imagination boggles. Trading in all that heavy breathing, sexy skin and sin for shillings, Davie?

Al Pacino

A mafioso mentality has muscled in on Hollywood. And film-lovers, fun-lovers and just plain civilized folks are becoming restive. Can the gangster element be thrown out of town?

We're talking about the avalanche of big-budget movies glorifying blood-soaked violence featuring, as heroes, foul-mouthed, dwarfish, macho bullies in elevator shoes.

The Godfather (make an offer they can't refuse, ha, ha), *Acocalypse Now* (bigger body count than My Lai!), *Taxi Driver* (Hinckley's favorite), *Dressed To Kill* (wonderful slash-ups of women!), *Raging Bull* (some delicious wife-beating), *Blow Out* (mayhem in the blood-drenched streets). Etc.

Resistance to this wave of sick violence is emerging from parents, educators, psychologists. Women's groups are angry—the mafioso crowd invariably depicts women as victims or sluts. Italian-American groups are also miffed that their hard-working people are being given a bad name. But when they released SCARFACE, the tough-guys bit off more than they could handle.

In an ill-conceived attempt to avoid criticism **PACINO** and DI PALMA tried to locate their chain-saw movie in Miami and make the bad-guys Cuban. You get it? Sicilians pretending to be Latins.

But the scam rebounded. The influential and rapidly-growing Hispanic population was not amused. The film crew was tossed out of Florida and retreated back to Beverly Hills where they are protected by their padrone, Jack "Fix-it" Valente.

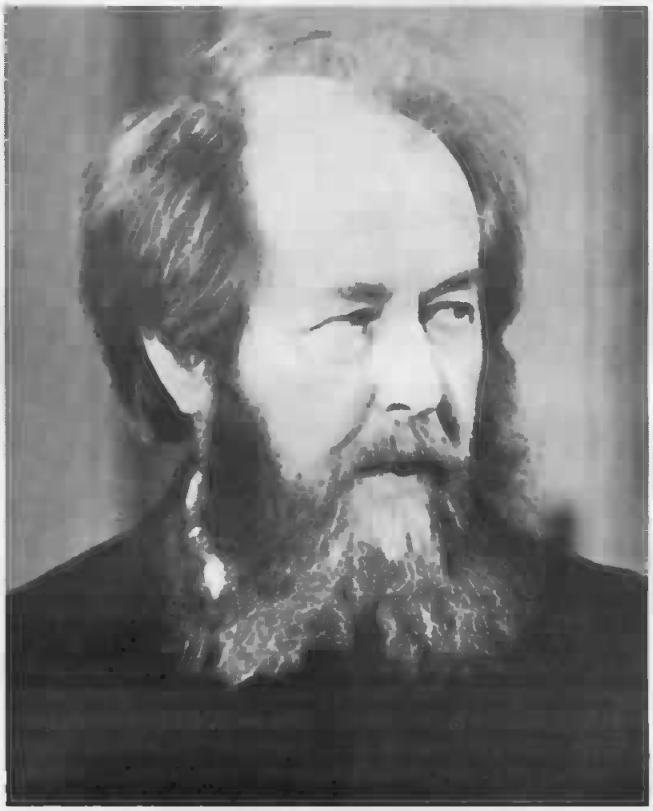
Deborah Davis

Poor Ben Bradlee. Just as he and *Washington Post* chief Katherine Graham were sleeping soundly with the knowledge that no one would ever read *Katherine The Great,* author **DEBORAH DAVIS** won her long standing suit against her publishers Harcourt Brace, Jovanovich. Not only is she planning to republish her informative expose of the *Washington Post* empire and its CIA connections but she has sold the film rights to the book as well. If that weren't enough to keep many prominent Washingtonians staring at the ceiling in the wee hours, wait until they hear who is going to write the screenplay . . . none other than two ex-*Saturday Night Live* geniuses (remember when it was funny?), Nelson Lyon and Michael O'Donoghue. Yes, the same pair who wrote the suppressed skit "Freddy Silverman's Last Ten Days in the Bunker" that drove NBC crazy.

Perhaps Jason Robards can play the real Ben Bradlee this time around.

Jerry Hall

Mick Jagger's super-friend **JERRY HALL** is infanticipating. The svelte Texas model is so enormous that friends are speculating about twins or even triplets. Is it possible that Jer was taking fertility drugs so that she could produce an heir for the altar-shy Prince of Rock? Well, in any case Mick was quick to say that he won't marry the gorgeous blonde no matter how many kids she has!



Alexander Solzhenitzyn

The books of **ALEXANDER SOLZHENITZYN** revealed to the world the terrors of the KGB gulag-prison system and the totalitarian Soviet society. For his passionate and poignant denunciations of the unsmiling Russian tyranny Solzhenitzyn was awarded the Nobel Prize. Right on, Solly!

But alas, the Great Peter Principle of Celebrity seems to have struck again. After receiving political asylum in America the embittered author locked himself behind the guarded prison walls of his Vermont estate and started spraying out vitriolic attacks on our free-and-easy, Yankee Doodle, goofy life-style.

Solly particularly abhors the freedom of American youth. Hey, let's face it, fans, we're talking about a gloomy Slav here who's never gonna eat popcorn watching anti-adult, whiz-kid flicks like *War Games* or *Risky Business.* When the chips are down, Solzhenitzyn is not gonna put his rubles on Larry Flynt for President. Give him Nick the Second for Czar and that bearded guy with the sad eyes dressed in the Russian Orthodox black robe for Pope—plus a hundred year points-spread and you got yourself a bet, Mister.

As it turns out Solly gambled on the wrong team. According to exclusive dispatches from our Vermont observers, Solzhenitzyn's kids aren't betting their lives on the Old Man's favorites. Son Dmitri enjoys hanging around the video arcades in the village, wearing black leather and sporting a punk fish-hook in his ear. The two younger brothers are hot-rodders joyfully tooling around the New England dirt roads. And, like kids on both sides of the Iron Curtain, the three young immigrants to the New World love rock and roll.

Thus the unsmiling Nobel Prize novelist finds himself in the ultimately democratic position of learning about what's happening from his children. Just like every other American Dad.

So welcome to the future of the human race, neighbor. Was it all right for us to call you Solly? ■

LAUNOIS, BLACK STAR

Fair housing in Harlem

White Americans believe that black Americans have made it. They're wrong.

By Earl Ofari

When whites were asked in a recent poll if blacks had made it in America, they answered overwhelmingly "Yes." More than half the respondents felt that the chances of success for blacks were even better than theirs.

Where did this rosy view of black life come from? Almost daily, whites read where some black athlete or entertainer has signed a contract for megabucks to sing songs, make pictures or toss balls around. They see smiling black faces at the controls of airplanes, designing technical projects, at corporate board of directors' meetings, and advertising major products. This must mean that blacks have arrived.

The reality is quite different. By all measures, blacks are poorer, more segregated, suffer great victimization, and are less secure than they were two decades ago. The plight of blacks has become so bad that even moderate black leaders have called on Washington to declare "a state of emergency."

In the past two years, the cities, where most blacks still live, lost $70 billion in federal funds for social services. Black college enrollment has sharply dropped, one out of two black youths are unemployed, affirmative action and job programs are under attack, and crime and vigilante violence are on the rise.

The white backlash unleashed by the election of Ronald Reagan shows no signs of abating. Yet, whites remain unshaken in their faith in "black progress."

Naivete, or deliberate distortion? Whichever the case, there are the myths and there are the facts.

Myth: Blacks have become a dominant force in American politics. Just look at the number of black mayors, congresspersons, state officials, government appointees, and even a presidential candidate.

Fact: The growing number of black elected officials in the past decade has been magnified by the fact that there were so few to start with. Blacks make up 12 percent of the population; yet only one percent of the nation's elected officials are black—5,200 out of 512,000. If blacks continue to win offices at this rate, it would take 198 years to achieve even the semblance of proportional representation.

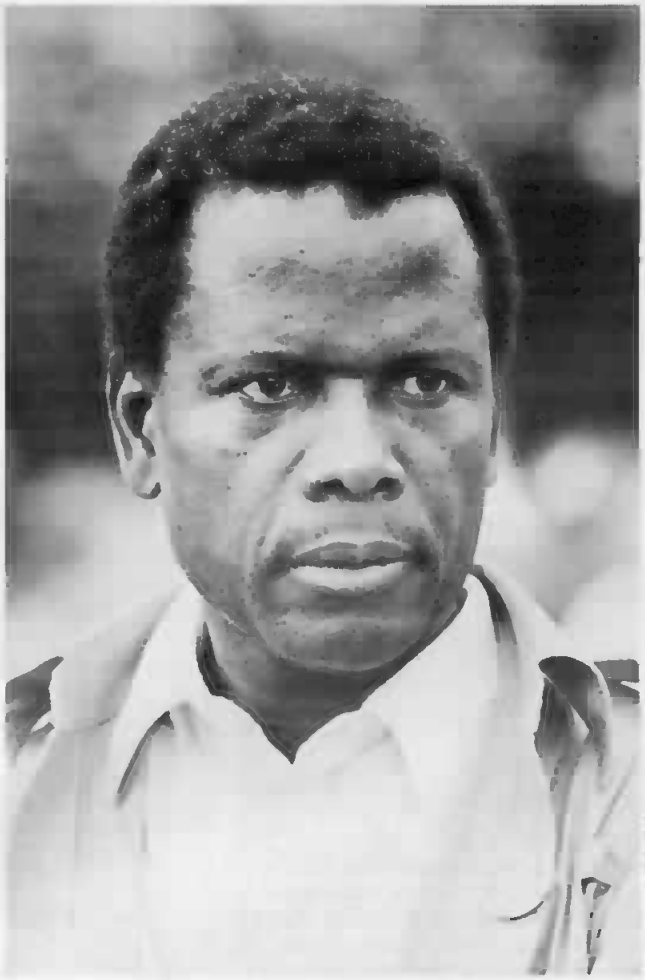
American politics has changed very little. The trend is still for whites to vote for white candidates, and blacks for black candidates. There is very little cross-over. In the 1982 Congressional elections, black candidates lost by wide margins in 20 districts where they did not comprise the majority of voters. Where blacks like Tom Bradley in California, and Mel King in Boston, seek office, and must rely on white votes, they are defeated.

The cities that have elected black mayors—Atlanta, Detroit, Newark, Washington D.C., Philadelphia—are either predominantly black, or close to it. In a city like L.A., where blacks are in the minority, Tom Bradley has maintained office by downplaying social ills, and distancing himself from "black issues."

Black political power becomes even more dubious when confronted with the actual problems of raising revenues to fund city programs and services. Black mayors are completely at the mercy of white bankers, corporations and government funding agencies to finance municipal improvements. As Gary, Indiana Mayor Richard Hatcher noted: "Black mayors have more difficulty doing almost anything, and what we do accomplish, we achieve at the cost of an arm and a leg." Black mayors were reminded how little regard the Democratic Party has for them, when the Party ignored their bids to hold the 1984 Democratic Convention in their cities, opting instead for San Francisco.

The most visible symbol of black politi-

Mayor Tom Bradley avoids black issues



Sidney Poitier is one of tiny minority of black film directors

cal "power," the Congressional Black Caucus, has been pitifully ineffective in getting any legislation through to aid minorities. Of the 729 bills that became law in the 94th Congress, only 16 were sponsored by the Caucus.

Already, there are fatal signs that the political "gains" of blacks are evaporating. Throughout the nation, voting rights are under attack through the use of at-large elections, majority vote run-off requirements, and redistricting plans that gerrymander and fragment concentrations of black voters.

The 1970 and 1980 Congressional reapportionment plans which accounted for the big jump in blacks in Congress, also has not been spared. In New Orleans, the Justice Department accepted a congressional reapportionment plan that blatantly discriminated against blacks in district races.

The shift of population from the depressed industrial Northeast and Midwest will further damage black political hopes. Since reapportionment is tied to the census data, states with heavy black concentrations—Illinois, New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan, etc.—will lose Congressional seats. Arizona, hardly a center of black concentration, stands to gain a Congressional seat lost by the heavily black Chicago South Side.

Perhaps the best example of black political powerlessness is Ronald Reagan. His election once and for all put to rest the false notion that blacks are the pivotal key in national elections. Reagan ignored blacks, got few of their votes, and still won big.

Myth: You can hardly turn on the television or pick up the paper without seeing blacks. The media is certainly unbiased, and provides blacks with total access.

Fact: When the new television season began last fall, only five of the 22 new shows that aired featured blacks. Worse, the shows in which blacks appeared trotted out many of the same tired, negative images of blacks. It was as if the television industry was not comfortable unless it had a black singing, dancing, telling jokes or committing crimes.

Hollywood was even less charitable with blacks. In 1982, blacks appeared in only eight films (mostly in bit parts).

Behind the camera, racism was even more rampant. Of the 5,700 writers in the Writers Guild of America West, only 70 are black. Says one critic "in a year, not more than three or four of them actually work." There are only 50 black producers, and only 252 minority directors in the 6,000 member Directors Guild of America.

The track record of the cable industry wasn't much better. A study found that minorities held only 14 percent of the jobs, and only 12 percent of management positions in 1981.

The industry, when it comes under attack, quickly cries "foul." Don't pick on us, television and media executives say, because we're only giving the public what they want. And they're probably right. The majority of television viewers and advertisers are white, and there is no proof that whites will support serious black works. As one television executive said: "We've tried them, and they've failed."

Not surprisingly, if blacks are "whited-out" of employment and access in the media, the coverage of vital issues and developments in the black community (not crime and violence) by the press would also be sparse. This is precisely what the National Association of Black Journalists charged. "The media has ignored blacks," said the journalists, "and has done an inadequate job of covering minorities."

Myth: America has come a long way from the lynch law of the South. Blacks no

longer live in fear of racist violence or injustice.

Fact: In 1982, there were more than 500 documented cases of racist violence against blacks by white teens alone. These included cross burnings, vandalism, arson, physical assaults and murder. The lynching of a black teen in Mobile, Alabama in 1981 was the first recorded since the murder of Emmett Till in 1955.

The *Jackson Advocate* reported that for the first five months of 1981, there were at least 12 murders of blacks that were suspected of being racially motivated. In each case, the authorities either conducted a minimal investigation or wrote the deaths off as "suicide."

While the jail death in California in 1981 of Ron Settles, a young black football player, drew attention, there was a rash of "puzzling" jail hangings of young blacks in Chicago, Cleveland, Los Angeles and Alabama the same year.

The murders of 28 young blacks in Atlanta did manage to draw extensive press coverage only after the killings had gone on for two years. And only after mass demonstrations and protests nationwide by blacks. The conviction of a young black for two of the murders did nothing to quiet the fears of blacks of a "genocidal conspiracy" to kill them.

But what about the legal system? Has it really become color blind? Of the 827 persons on death row in 1981, nearly half were black. Of the 7½ million persons arrested last year, more than one third were black. The likelihood was greater that a black would be arrested for the more serious crimes of murder, rape and robbery. Once arrested, a black would not receive bail, would be convicted, and would receive a longer sentence than white offenders.

"A black who steals a few hundred dollars," observes Lennox Hinds, former Director of the National Conference of Black Lawyers, "has a 90 percent chance of being convicted of robbery with a sentence averaging between 94 and 138 months." A white executive, says Hinds, who embezzles hundreds of thousands of dollars has only a 20 percent chance of conviction with a sentence that averages 20 to 48 months.

It's worth noting that those executed for rape since 1930 have been almost entirely black. In American history, *no* white has ever been executed for the rape of a black.

Myth: The suburbs are filled with blacks, and their children attend integrated schools. Segregation is a thing of the past.

HARVEY BLACK STAR

Segregated housing in Norfolk ghetto

Fact: A poster hung near the office entrance of Housing Secretary Samuel Pierce, reads: "Fair housing: no ifs, ands or buts—I support it!" ***But*** judging from the growth in segregated housing in recent years, apparently the real estate industry hasn't seen the poster. A report by the Citizens Commission on Civil Rights found that housing segregation was persistent in 28 major cities. The conclusion was that "in housing, minorities are related to in an unconstitutional, illegal and basically unfair manner."

Fair housing is no more a fact today than it was thirty years ago. The census reported that in 1980, more than 60 percent of blacks lived in the central cities, while only 6 percent lived in the suburbs. The trend continues to be: when blacks move in, whites move out.

Sam Pierce's poster notwithstanding, HUD has been growing more lax in its enforcement of the nation's housing laws. Under the Reagan Administration, the Justice Department has brought only two fair housing suits involving minor cases of discrimination. HUD also promised brokers not to use funds to support "testers" (people who pretend to rent or buy to catch fair housing violators).

Pierce has yet to offer support to a bill that would create a network of administrative law judges to hear fair housing discrimination cases.

Residential segregation guarantees that schools, churches, public and recreational facilities will also be segregated. It is still a truism in American life that where ghet-

toes exist, the dollars spent for services and improvements are less, and the deterioration is greatest. Just one fact: In the predominantly black Washington, D.C. school system, nearly $100 less was spent on educating a black student than a white student. In suburban, majority white schools, the student expenditure gap was far bigger.

Myth: Affirmative action and equal opportunity measures have eliminated job discrimination so that there is no longer any significant difference in white and black living standards.

Fact: The Federal Government answers this best. The 1980 Census noted that poverty has deepened, not disappeared among blacks. The 1981 median income for all black families ($13,270) dropped 8.3 percent from 1971. For every dollar of white income, blacks made only 56 cents.

The number of black poor rose from 8 to 9 million by 1981. The number of black unemployed jumped to 2.1 million in the same year; an increase of 140 percent from 1972.

As for job parity with whites, blacks still languished at the bottom of the employment heap. Maids, household cleaners, servants, housemen and garbage collectors were still "black jobs" (54 percent). Doctors, lawyers, engineers—despite the black faces in IBM, Rockwell and insurance commercials—they were not (3 percent).

Even entitlement programs like Social Security contain hidden bias. Blacks receive less from Social Security benefits than whites. Why? Because they die faster. A black male only has a life expectancy of 64 years, but will pay more than $60,000 in Social Security taxes. A white male paying the same amount has a life expectancy of 70. His longer life adds up to several thousand dollars more in benefits than the black can receive.

Surely, Reagan's beefed-up defense spending will have some positive effect on creating jobs, and increasing income for blacks. Unfortunately, the opposite seems to be the case. Researchers point out that over 480,000 jobs for blacks are lost in civilian industry because of the military budget.

At the same time, only 84,000 blacks were engaged in work on military contracts; less than one percent of the black work force. Further, the states that gained the most jobs from military spending were the states with the fewest number of blacks. Hawaii, Colorado, Washington, Utah and Alaska were the biggest winners, while New York, Illinois, Michigan, Florida and Ohio were the big losers.

As for Affirmative Action, the gains that were made are in the past. The Supreme

Blacks are still at the bottom of the employment heap

Affirmative action on college campuses

Court's Bakke ruling took what little steam there was out of the affirmative action drive. Enrollment of blacks in law, medical and professional schools has declined. Corporations, taking their cue from this, have scaled back minority recruitment and training programs.

Local governments in particular have felt the Reagan Administration's wrath on affirmative action. In New Orleans, Detroit, Cincinnati and Alabama, the Justice Department has challenged voluntary programs local governments have instituted to eliminate past discrimination. Reagan has made it clear that he will oppose any system of quotas, or special hiring programs.

In the words of one critic: "It's an expansion of his attacks on the living standards of blacks and the poor."

Myth: Blacks have prospered in business. Both Nixon and Reagan have committed massive funds for the growth of "black capitalism."

Fact: "I went to 50 banks over a period of two years. 50. The banks are telling you, "We only loan 'niggers' enough money to buy cars." The bitter words spoken by a black businessperson sum up the frustrations of many blacks seeking business capital.

While Reagan announced his "black capitalism" program with much fanfare, the results so far have been negligible. Blacks have seen little of the $22 billion the government promised to spend on minority business. In 1982, minorities received 9.5 percent of loan monies disbursed by the Small Business Administration.

The performance of the Minority Business Development Agency was little better. During the first nine months of its existence, the agency helped only 1,600 new minority businesses to start. By the following year, the Agency had shut down 14 of its 20 offices.

The black businesses that do operate are largely "mom and pop" shops and stores with little capital and credit. The Department of Commerce profile of a typical black business lists it as a sole proprietorship, with no full time paid employees, with an average $37,000 in gross receipts. The $8 billion in gross receipts of all black businesses totaled less than two percent of the $4 trillion generated by American businesses.

The $2 billion in sales of the top 100 black businesses don't equal the sales of the bottom five corporations in the Fortune 500. The liquid assets of Mobil Oil alone could purchase every one of the top black corporations.

Don't expect any real help from the Reagan Administration, says Parren Mitchell, chairman of the House Small Business Committee. "I've worked on behalf of minority businesses through four Administrations, and this is the worst Administration I've ever seen, as far as federal efforts to assist minority businesses are concerned."

The latest Reagan scheme for "Enterprise Zones" to aid minority business and create jobs is nothing but a gimmick to provide bigger tax benefits to white corporations. The plan supposedly would bring dozens of businesses back into the inner city by promising generous tax breaks and investment incentives—but no actual funds. How this will help black businesses with shoestring budgets hasn't been explained.

But what about corporate America? They spend large sums of money telling us what they are doing for black business. Take Coca-Cola. After a threatened boycott by Operation PUSH, Coke in a highly

KKK Rally in Meriden, CT

Black athletes are often ridiculed in the media

KAGAN PICTURE GROUP

Black worker mixing concrete

publicized "moral covenant" agreed to: increase the number of black-owned distributors, establish a venture capital fund for black capitalists, elevate a black to Coke's board of directors, and quadruple the amount of financial deposits in black banks.

What happened? Coke's white investors denounced the plan as "outright blackmail" and "a $30 million giveaway plan." Coke officials then made it known that any money lent to blacks would be at "normal" market rates, there would be no changes in its bottling franchise ownerships, and that no loans would be made to black banks except at competitive rates.

Myth: Whites have accepted blacks as "regular" people. Racist remarks and expressions are frowned upon, and blacks have gained complete respect.

Fact: Like violence and poverty, racist sentiments toward blacks are being expressed more openly. Ten years ago it would have been unthinkable for a public figure to make racist remarks. But things have changed. While James Watt and Edwin Meese drew fire for their "gaffes" about minorities and the poor, they also drew support and praise.

They were also not the only two public figures to make ridiculing remarks in recent days. A brief sampling: TV commentator Howard Cosell called a black football player "a little monkey." Sen. Ernest Hollings called undocumented workers "wetbacks." Sen. Jake Garn uses the term "spade" in negative remarks about Jesse Jackson. TV analyst Tom Brookshier refers to a mostly black basketball team as having "a collective IQ of 40." The remarks were bad enough, but what was worse was the response of the press and public. The media either downplayed the

HART LIASON

For the black poor, life in America is a bare bones struggle for survival

statements, or attacked their critics for being "too defensive." Loosen up, they say, these things are only said in jest. For blacks, however, it was no laughing matter.

America's tolerance toward blacks was perhaps best "confirmed" in a Gallup poll on attitudes about the Klan. (Note: This was pre-Ronald Reagan's conservative counter-revolution.)

	1965	1970	1973	1979
Totally favorable	6%	8%	9%	10%
Highly favorable	1%	3%	4%	3%

In a memorable line, the Kerner Commission in 1968 blamed the ghetto on "the white institutions that created it, the white institutions that maintain it and the white society that condones it." The election of Ronald Reagan brought America full circle from its brief flirt with liberalism in the 1960s back to the reaction and repression of earlier years.

As the middle of the decade approaches, Dr. King's dream of a color-blind America is no more close to reality. For the black poor, life in America is still a bare bones struggle for survival. And despite white myths about black progress, the fact is America is still very much two societies—one white, one black and poorer. ■

***Earl Ofari has written extensively on civil rights issues for the* Los Angeles Times *and* Newsday. *He is the author of* The Myth of Black Capitalism.**

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An open letter from CREAM

"Educate the masses and tyranny will vanish."–Thomas Jefferson

We believe, like many of our fellow citizens, that 1984 has an ominous feel about it.

We also believe that the situations we face in this country and the world are serious–but not hopeless.

We are the Committee for the Right to Equal Access to the Media. The issue of equal access is one of the most important in our society, an issue that touches all of us every day. What people don't know *can* and *does* hurt them. The battle for control of information has been going on for hundreds of years, and some members of the print and broadcast media are not presenting the full range of thought and information. An increasing amount of the news and opinion they purvey is inaccurate. It is to *them* that we at the Committee address our efforts in 1984. The Committee was formed in late 1983 to accomplish one goal: aid legitimate groups and individuals that are having a problem in acquiring access to the media, whether it is paid advertising, public service or issues covered by the Fairness Doctrine.

In our very short history we have already identified over 100 groups that may have legally supportable cases of unjust access denial. In one case, as a result of direct action by the Committee, the *Washington Post* changed its position and printed an ad it had previously refused.

Direct action is the second punch in our strategy: Pickets, boycotts and court action will continue to be a powerful and visible expression of our presence in the system. Perhaps the most significant of our efforts in 1984 will be in the area of educating the public about censorship in the electronic and print media.

We feel the American people must recognize the importance of a free, accurate and accessible media to the preservation of democratic principles. We feel that a massive education campaign about the full implications and guarantees of the First Amendment must begin immediately. We must all be aware of what our rights are in order to protect them from the silent erosion we see taking place in our society today. We invite you to join us in our efforts to make 1984 a victorious year for First Amendment rights.
Please send donation to:
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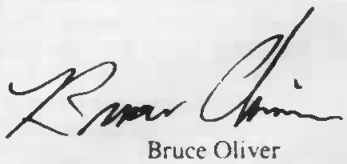
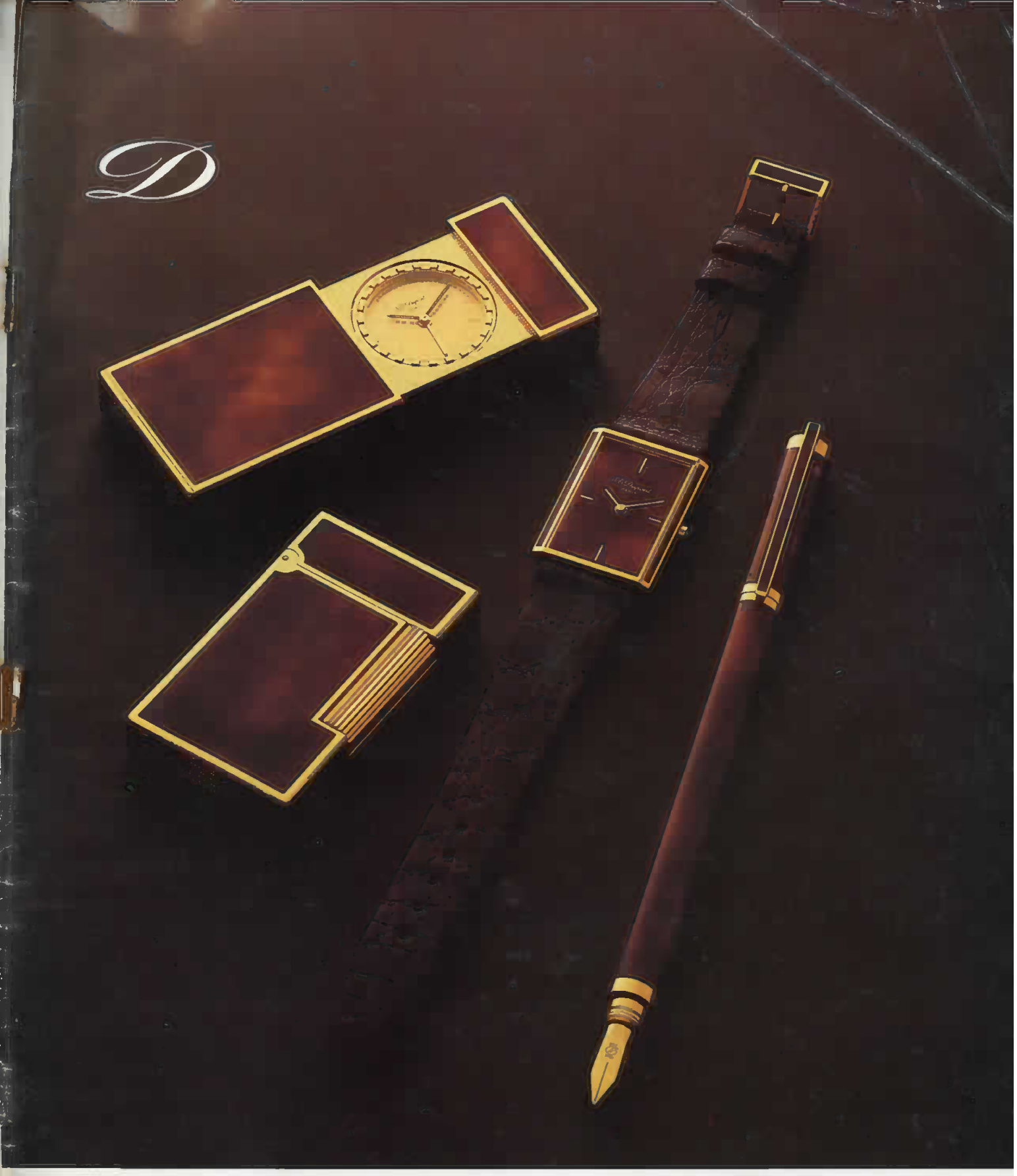


Bruce Oliver
Executive Director

Committee for the Right to Equal Access to the Media



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